

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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STANFORD KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1890.

NO. 84

AT COST FOR CASH.

NOW is the Time to Buy Your Holiday Presents in Watches, Clocks, JEWELRY OR SILVERWARE.

I am offering everything in my stock of Jewelry at cost for CASH only. Look at the prices: 8-day Clocks \$3, worth \$5; 1-day Clocks at \$2.50, worth \$4. Watches worth \$100 at \$70; worth \$30 at \$20, worth \$20 at \$14, worth \$15 at \$10. B. W. Raymond's movements, gilt, \$17.50; Nickel, \$20. Hampden Railway movement at \$18.75. Seven Jewel movements, \$5 to \$6.25. Everything else in proportion. I have the largest stock ever brought to Stanford and have lately opened a large stock of new goods bought especially for the Holiday trade. Buy now while you have a large stock to select from. Come and examine my stock and prices—but bring the money with you as the sale is POSITIVELY for cash.

A. R. PENNY.

If You are Looking for Sensible, Desirable,

USEFUL ARTICLES THAT MAKE PLEASING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

Go to The Cash Bargain Store.

Opposite Portman House, Stanford. You'll not be disappointed. Plenty of goods and

Low Prices Rule Throughout

The Entire Stock. If you don't know what to buy, look over this list; perhaps it may suggest something.

Colored Cashmere or Henrietta Dress Pattern, wool fill, 25c per yard; all wool Tricot in colors, 25c per yard; 10 yards best Indigo Blue Calico for 50c; 2,000 yards of Standard Prints 4c per yard; nice warm Woolen Shawls \$1, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.25; 100 black Fur Muffs 50 each; Linen Table Covers with Napkins to match \$1, \$2 and \$2.50; 200 different patterns in Silk Mufflers 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 each. The Grandest Display in Silk Handkerchiefs ever brought to Stanford; prices to suit all, from 25c to \$2.50. Ladies' Rubber Circulars \$1 and \$1.25 each.

The Big Double Store-Room Will Be Full of Bargains to Suit All in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Caps, Clothing, Trunks, Valises, Groceries, &c.

The only place in Stanford you can exchange your Produce for goods. Bring your Eggs along and get 22c per dozen. Five dozen Eggs will buy a pair of Lady's Kid Button Shoes worth \$1.75. Call to see the line of Satteen Comforts, \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.25. Blankets 10-4, 95c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50 and \$2.90 per pair. 300 Lady's Ribbed Jersey fitting Vests only 20c each. Thirteen pounds Standard Granulated Sugar \$1. Arbuckle Coffee 25c; 4 lbs. Soda for 25c; 14 pounds light Brown Sugar for \$1. This GREAT CLEARANCE SALE will continue for a few weeks only. Do not delay, but come early, before the rush. You can not mistake the place; follow the crowd; Big Double Room opposite Portman House, Stanford, Ky.

JOE S. JONES.

Christmas Goods,

Holiday Trix in Great Variety, at

R. Zimmer's.

I have just received and opened a large and well selected lot of Christmas Goods, including

Toys, Dolls and Games of Every Description.

Also

THE LARGEST LINE OF CANDIES

Both French and common, ever brought to Stanford. Nuts and Fruits in great variety. See my stock before you buy your Santa Claus supplies. Remember you can get a Good Meal at any time for 25 cents at my Restaurant. OYSTERS served in any style and for sale in bulk.

Logans Creek and Dix River.

—P. S. W. Robinson sold to John Logan 10 head of fat steers at 21. Alex Holtzclaw had a valuable horse to get foundered on corn a few days ago. Col. J. M. Beazley sold to Joel Embury, of Madison, a small lot of fat cattle at 3 cts. —Mr. Thomas Dudderar, better known as Goliath, is expected home Saturday. His friend, Mr. Johnson, will return with him; also from Middlesboro. Mrs. H. M. Ballou and daughter, Miss Angie, of Lancaster, spent several days with relative here. Misses Lizzie Porter and Alice Beazley, who have been on the sick list for several days, are reported much improved at this writing. Mrs. James Dudderar, nee Lear, who is spending the week with her parents in Upper Garrard, will return in a few days, accompanied by several of her lady friends, who will remain in our neighborhood until after Christmas. Bob and Bunn Gaines are in Shelbyville, where they will remain 7 or 8 days visiting friends and relatives. Miss Lydia D. Rice, who has been attending school at Stanford since September, leaves to-day for her home near Taylorsville. Mr. J. W. Adams will move his family to Somerset next week, provided he can't purchase a place more suitable before that time. Mr. Adams is a good neighbor and an excellent trader and we regret his departure. Mr. Henry Hester will move to the property now occupied by him. —Let her come! Christmas is almost here and we are anticipating an immense time, as there will be several entertainments in society during the week.

Trains are telescoped when they come each other on the same track.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The Georgetown Baptists are preparing to build a \$15,000 church. —The protracted meeting at the Winchester Baptist church, conducted by Rev. S. N. Prestridge, closed, says the Sun, with 17 additions. —The choir of a Poughkeepsie church is on a strike because the preacher stopped them and said: "There, that will do! You had better sing that in the woods!" —Rev. Father Bernard B. Kelley, who was ordained a priest in Cleveland, O., 20 years ago, died Sunday in Mobile, Ala., a wanderer and an outcast, ruined by drink. —Rev. John Bell Gibson asks us to announce that on next Sunday morning he will preach on "The Fulfillment of Prophecy" and requests a large attendance of his members. —Since Rev. William Hughes, a Baptist minister, began the movement which resulted in forming the first Bible society, over 40,000,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures have been printed and circulated. —D. J. Tribble, of Madison, sold to a Cincinnati party a couple of car-loads of fat cattle, weighing 1,600 pounds at 31 cents. —W. B. Kidd bought during the season just closed 4,732 cattle, average weight 1,550 pounds, and which brought \$305,150. Excepting 806 bought in Indiana, the others were bought in Clark, Bourbon, Montgomery and Fayette counties. Nearly all of them were purchased for Lehman & Bro., of Baltimore.—Winchester Democrat.

Mack Huffman,

Undertaker and Furniture Dealer,

Has just received a splendid lot of latest style

Antique and 16th Century Finish Chairs, with Silk, Plush and Crush Plush Seats.

TABLES IN SAME FINISH, OAK AND WALNUT, MARBLE TOP, PICTURES, COUCHES, &c., especially suitable for Christmas presents.

General + Furniture + Line,

Consisting of Sets, Wardrobes, Chiffoniers, &c., is also complete and full. Give him a call.

W. P. WALTON.

HON. HENRY D. McHENRY, delegate to the constitutional convention from Ohio county, died suddenly Wednesday at his home at Hartford, whither he had gone a few days before somewhat complaining. During an active life of 64 years, Col. McHenry held many offices of honor and trust, having been representative, State Senator, Congressman and finally a member of the convention to frame another constitution for Kentucky, in which capacity his father served in the convention of '49. He had several times represented his State in national conventions and since 1876 has been Kentucky's representative on the National Democratic Committee. While not a great man, Col. McHenry was possessed of great energy and activity and did with all his might whatever he attempted. He had taken quite a leading part in the convention and his loss will be felt in the body.

THE news comes that Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, has been killed some more. Learning that he was about to depart for the Bad Lands, where all of the bad Indians are supposed to be congregated, a squad of Indian police was sent out to arrest him. This was accomplished, but his followers attempted to rescue him and in the fight which resulted, the chief, his son, Crow Foot, six other Indians and five policemen were killed. The cavalry that was supporting the police came up by this time and the Indians fled, leaving their women and children captives. It seems that the administration is determined to get up an Indian war whether or no.

A KILKENNY cat fight is literally in progress in Ireland between the Parnell and Davitt factions and such scenes as are enacted would bring to blush even the most disreputable election methods ever witnessed in this country. A general fight occurred at Kilkenny, where the two men spoke Tuesday, in which shillalahs were used and numerous heads broken. In the melee some scoundrel threw a handful of quick lime into Parnell's eyes, blinding him for a while and rendering surgical assistance necessary.

It has been a month and a half since the election, but Michigan is just declaring her official vote. It is good enough, however, to declare every day in the year. The democratic majority for governor is 11,520. Every democratic State candidate and 9 out of 11 Congressmen are elected. In the present Congress the representation is 9 republicans to 2 democrats. In 1888 the State went 22,911 for Harrison.

It seems that Attorney General Miller is imagining himself greater than the law, has been using official envelopes which go free of postage, for his private correspondence, and an effort is being made to indict him at Indianapolis. The fine is \$500 and imprisonment if not paid. If Miller is worthy of even being mentioned in connection with the supreme judgeship he cannot plead ignorance even if that were an excuse for the infraction of law.

The pension bureau has rendered a decision that a Confederate soldier, who afterwards served in the Union army, is entitled to a pension on account of disabilities. He ought not to be thought of a rope or the penitentiary would better suit the case of a fellow who would desert his colors, much less do so for the purpose of fighting against them.

We commend especially to our farmer, readers the article on "Reciprocity" by Prof. J. S. Reppert. He shows the fallacy of the leading republican's position and demonstrates in a forcible manner how his party would hoodwink the farmers, while really legislating for the benefit of its favorites, the monopolists.

It is announced that Uncle Ben Harrison will begin the publication of a daily at Bowling Green Jan. 1, with Judge J. W. Jones and Maj. R. M. Cox as editors, and is now engaged in moving his plant from Henderson. We hope the old man will strike it rich and live long to enjoy the good things of earth.

THE city tax in Louisville has been fixed at \$2.17 on the \$100 with an additional amount yet to be fixed for parks. It costs something to live in a large city but then a man gets some value received whereas he can never see what he is paying out money for taxes for in a small town.

In the Georgia legislature is a member who wears the euphonic cognomen of Potiphar Peazgreen and his life is made so weary by the numerous bad jokes on his name that he almost wishes he had staid in obscurity, or had written himself simply P. P. Green.

The Tennessee Supreme Court has announced that violators of the gaming law will be sentenced to jail upon conviction and will not, as heretofore, escape with a nominal fine.

Warrants have been issued by the U. S. government for the three men, who took an Italian's bear from him at Barbourville and killed it. The prosecution was at the request of the Italian consul.

NEWS CONDENSED.

—Only 10 republican patriots are striving for the Cincinnati post-office.

—Alfred H. Terry, Major General U. S. A., died Tuesday morning in New Haven, Ct., aged 63.

—The Lorillard Brick Works Co., of New York, has failed for \$7,000,000, with assets of between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000.

—After a long debate the House, by a vote of 187 to 82, passed Apportionment bill, fixing representation in that body at 356 members.

—The steamer Ohio, en route from Memphis to Cincinnati, struck a snag at Cottonwood Point Monday night and went down; loss \$35,000.

—A deficiency of \$2,500 has already been discovered in the accounts of the absconding postmaster at Decatur, Ala., and it is expected to reach \$5,000.

—White Buffalo Man, a son of Sitting Bull, says the killing of his father was right, but unless the government is prompt there will be serious trouble result.

—At Lexington Lewis Johnson, convicted of rape, was sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary. Alonzo John was given 26 years on three charges of house breaking.

—The Clearfield County Bank, Clearfield, Pa., has assigned. It is the property of Ex-U. S. Senator Wallace, whose indebtedness is \$400,000. The assets are said to be \$600,000.

—G. W. Simmons was shot at Argentine Kas., by James Neal, who surprised him in Mrs. Neal's room and shot and fatally wounded him as he tried to escape by a back way.

—Republican Senators held their third caucus Wednesday night at Washington and decided upon a financial policy, which will provide for the purchase of \$12,000,000 silver bullion surplus; the reduction of the compulsory bond deposits of national banks; the extension of national banks' circulation to the full amount of their bond deposits and the replacement of the deficiency in the national bank circulation below \$180,000,000 by treasury notes based on silver bullion purchases. The bill will also provide for free coinage when silver is maintained at par for one year.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

—The members will go home on their railroad passes to-day to enjoy a holiday at the State's expense till January 6. It is very likely that most of them will have their fun spoiled by hearing some disagreeable things from their constituents.

—After spending a week or two in debating the election clause in the Committee of the Whole, the members will now take a whack at it in convention. It has been finally decided that a man must be 21 years old, and has resided in the State one year, the county 6 months and the precinct 60 days before he can vote, but persons convicted of felony or treason, unless pardoned, those in confinement under judgment of the court for some penal offense, idiots and insane people will not be allowed the right of suffrage.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—The much talked of marriage which was to have occurred this week, seems to have been declared off.

—Mr. J. E. Cash and Miss Pauline Douglas, of the Maywood vicinity, were married at the bride's home Wednesday.

—Samford Wheeler and Mrs. Lillie Hampton, of Mercer, both married, have eloped. Mrs. Hampton is a daughter of D. C. Terhune, the well-known stock dealer.

—Miss Lula, the pretty daughter of Mr. J. R. Richardson, of Somerset, and Mr. A. M. Girdler, a prominent young business man of that place, will be married Wednesday, 21th.

—J. W. Adams and Miss Enice Vernon, both of the Dripping Springs neighborhood, obtained license here Wednesday and were married at the bride's home yesterday by Rev. L. P. Johnson.

—Rev. W. W. Bruce, of the Hustonville Presbyterian church, and Miss Rose, daughter of Bro. Joe H. Hopper, were married at Perryville last night. The young people of Hustonville to the number of 20 or more hired A. T. Nannelly's bus and went down to see the knot well tied.

DEATHS' DOINGS.

—Abe Chaplin, a pioneer citizen of Mercer, died Monday.

—Henry Talbot, aged 78, was found dead in his bed at Paris Wednesday morning.

—M. S. Baughman received a dispatch Tuesday night informing him of the death of Morris, the 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hussing, of Somerset.

—The S. Bronston died suddenly at his home in Richmond, Wednesday. He was Secretary of State during Gov. McCreary's term and collector of internal revenue for the 8th district under President Cleveland and a splendid old Kentucky gentleman. He leaves a widow and 9 living children.

HUSTONVILLE.

—The fame of Hustonville's new landlady, Mrs. Henry Camnitz, is fast wide spreading and should patronage continue to increase in the ratio of the past few weeks, a commodious annex or a

new and much larger building will be required to accommodate the custom.

—ELEGANT NEW HOLIDAY STOCK.—A complete assortment; any quantity of suitable gifts for old and young. Our display is worth your inspection. Don't wait until the last, but come at once and see our complete line of diamonds, jewelry, watches, clocks, silverware, novelties, &c. Weatherford & Cook.

—Jerry Cloyd, an industrious colored man of this place, had an ankle badly crushed in a hay press at Mr. J. Walker Givens' last week. Some imaginative acquaintance of Jerry's started a rumor that he thrust his foot into the press to arrest a runaway team which threatened the destruction of the machinery.

—Genial Lou Holmes, one of the cleverest pilgrims on the road, shared with his host of friends the Heine concert Friday night. We should have interviewed Lou on the iniquity of the McKinley bill as applied to tinware, etc., in his line, had it been opportune. Miss Fannie Lee Harper has gone on a visit to Miss Naomi Forsythe and other school girl friends at Harrodsburg.

—Miss Mary V. Carpenter, our home artist, is at home, after a prolonged sojourn at Pittsburg, where she has taught a large class in art. Her stay was particularly pleasant and, we hope, pecuniarily profitable. Miss Mary is an enthusiastic devotee to art and the few of her early specimens we have seen manifest a pronounced genius, which art critics declare of a superior order. We have long professed ourself the enjoyment of a visit to her studio.

—Mr. J. W. Allen got back from the South Friday thoroughly disgusted with the mule market. Industrious verbal, epistolary and telegraphic inquiries failed to find a better market than Atlanta, hence with characteristic promptitude and sagacity Jim closed out at highest figures obtainable and hastened back for a new deal, which promises a return of some of his big losses. If a richly deserved prosperity, even approximately commensurate with Jim's indefatigable get-up-and-get, attended his enterprises, he would soon head the list of Kentucky capitalists.

—Capt. Joe Huffman appears to have construed literally the assurance "that 'sinners stand on slippery places'" and disregarded the warning against gravelly and sandy foundations. In gliding over the icy sidewalk of one of Liberty's thoroughfares early last week he fell and fractured a knee-cap, which misfortune prevents his attendance at circuit court as clerk. We are glad to report that the captain has suffered but little from his misfortune and is hopeful of an early re-appearance at his desk, "good as new."

—Our old friend, Clint Jenkins, is sorely mystified and chagrined by the outcome of a favorite hen's faithful and prolonged incubation. As he was not aware of the exact time she began the required three weeks' maintenance of a uniform temperature, in a snug nest at the barn, he awaited the regulation time before investigating the why of old Speck's complacent persistency and was dumfounded on lifting the hen to discover that she had hatched out a flock of kittens. What Uncle Clint would like the best in the world to know is who perpetrated that cruel substitution of eggs on an unsuspecting old hen.

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Quite a number of the boarders at Garrard College will spend the holidays at their homes.

—The young folks are thinking of giving an impromptu dance at the Holmes house one night next week.

—At last account Dr. Jennings Price was resting much easier. His son, Col. W. C. Price, of Danville, is here attending him.

—A young fellow giving his name as Skinner came to town Saturday night and filling himself up, proceeded to hold "Battle Row" up by the tail. Night Policeman Ed Finley went to him and he promised to leave town. As he started off he fired several shots at Finley, fortunately without effect. Finley then emptied his revolver at the then fleeing Skinner, but the night being so dark he failed to hit him. Skinner has not yet been captured.

—Miss Sallie Noel has been quite sick for a few days but is improving. Miss Addie Burdette returned Wednesday from Oxford, Ohio, where she has been attending college. Clyde Herring, of Louisville is here to spend the holidays. Mrs. J. E. Stormes attended the Hudson-Wilmore wedding at Nicholasville Wednesday. Miss Jennie Faulkner, one of the lady commissioners to the World's Fair, has returned from Chicago. Mrs. W. O. Bradley, daughter, Christine, and Miss Juliet Gill were in Cincinnati the first of the week shopping. Mrs. W. O. Sweeney is visiting in Louisville. Misses Hagan and Crutcher, of Richmond, and Miss Taylor, of Cincinnati, will spend the holidays with Miss Mamie Currey. Mr. Lou Brown, of Covington, will spend Christmas week with John M. Farn. Prof. M. D. Hughes and family will move to the residence of Dr. Hill the 1st of January. James I. Hamilton has rented Mrs. Fowles' property on Lexington street and will move in the first of the year.

Mr. Attila Cox telegraphed the Courier-Journal on the 16th that the punie is broken and confidence restored. Mr. Cox no doubt believed that to be true when he telegraphed it, and yet the same paper reports the assignment of Hancock & Co., of Clarksville, Tenn., with liabilities estimated at \$180,000; also the

What Means This All?

These Shouts of Joy! These Happy Hurrahs! It means that our ship is in and

SANTA CLAUS IS ABOARD.

With the heaviest cargo of Christmas and Holiday Goods ever landed in Stanford. His proclamation is, sell everything in all departments of our vast establishment at lowest prices ever named in this town and vicinity.

MAKE THE PEOPLE HAPPY,

And give them the Grandest Bargains of their lives. We will carry out old Santa's manifesto to the very letter. We will sell Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Trunks, Shoes, Carpets and Fancy Plush Goods at the lowest prices ever quoted to human beings, creating one of the grandest and most remarkable Holiday and Bargain Sales ever promulgated from the columns of the Interior Journal. Nothing will be considered. Costs, profits, values, all ignored. Christmas and New Year is the time when one's friends and relatives are presented with

SOME COMMEMORATIVE TOKEN,

In the shape of a useful or ornamental article. We offer in every department an extraordinary opportunity to supply these wants with the highest character of merchandise at greatly reduced prices. We will also soon give away that handsome Plush Parlor Set; so secure as many tickets as possible.

THE + LOUISVILLE + STORE

Main Street, Stanford, Ky.

M. SALINGER, Manager.

—AT—

J. B. FOSTER'S

You will find

Dick's Famous Feed Cutters; the Cincinnati Water Purifier, the best Elevator made;

The Buckeye Force Pump, every one of which is guaranteed. Salt, Lime and Cement; a full stock of Wagon Material and Shelf Hardware; full line of Ranges and Cook Stoves, among them Bridgeford's Economist; Columbian; Heating Stoves, Enameled and Plain Grates. Harness, Saddles, &c. Staple and Fancy Groceries. You will receive polite attention, and, best of all, rock bottom prices.

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE

Corner Somerset and Main Sts.

Our Motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

For Christmas Presents come and see our

Bisque Figures, Beautiful Glass Water Sets, Coal Vases, Tin Toilet Sets, Handsome Chamber Sets, Stand Lamps, Swinging Lamps.

Groceries for the Holidays:

Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Apricots, Pears, Peaches, Raspberries, Pine Apple sliced, Pine Apple grated, French Peas, Beans, Yam-mouth Corn, Tomatoes.

DRIED FRUITS:

Layer Figs, Cooking Figs, L. L. Raisins, California Prunes, Leghorn Citron, Apples, Apricots, Peaches, Currants.

Mince Meat, Potted Meats, Canned Beef,

Gelatine, Chocolate, Cocoa,

Laundry Soap, Castile Soap, Toilet Soap,

A complete line of Plain and Fancy Candies, Oranges, Lemons, Nuts.

EXTRACTS:—Lemon, Vanilla, Almond, Strawberry, Banana, Pine Apple, Apricot, Orange, Cinnamon.

MARK HARDIN.

The Old Reliable Jeweler in the Lead.



A. R. Penny

Has the largest and

MOST COMPLETE STOCK

OF

Watches and Jewelry

ever shown in Stanford at prices as low as the lowest.

Remember that I have one of the best watch-makers in the State, who can do anything in Watch or Jewelry Repairing. Don't have to send jobs to the city. Engraving of all kinds beautifully done. Old gold and silver taken at market price. Your trade and work is solicited and I guarantee satisfaction.

A. R. PENNY.

MEANS BUSINESS.

EVERYBODY invited to call at A. R. Penny's and examine his stock of beautiful and useful holiday presents.

PERSONAL POINTS.

WILL SEVERANCE is down with a severe cold.

WILL THOMAS and the other sick folks are improving.

MR. AND MRS. W. G. SAGA and Miss Ora, spent a few days in Louisville this week.

MRS. J. C. McCLARY is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. R. Bailey, at Crab Orchard.

MR. F. C. HAYS, of Louisville, was here this week to see his sister, Mrs. M. Schoger.

MISS ALICE O'MARA, of Williamsburg, will spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Steele.

MRS. MATTIE NEVILL and Mrs. W. F. McClary visited Mrs. J. K. McClary at Mt. Vernon this week.

MISS ANNIE BATHMAN went to Somerset Wednesday to attend the burial of little Morris Hunsinger.

DR. J. GIVENS and wife, of Pittsburg, passed down Tuesday to visit the doctor's relatives near Shelby City.

MR. S. H. HARRIS, a good friend of the I. O. O. F., Rockcastle county deacon, was in town Wednesday.

ATTERA confinement of 10 days at home with a severe cold, Teller W. M. Bright is back at his post in the Farmers' Bank & Trust Co.

MR. AND MRS. H. S. WITHERS went to Pettyville, yesterday, to attend the marriage of Mrs. Wither's niece, Miss Rose Hopper, to Rev. W. W. Bines.

MISS MARGARET OWENS left yesterday morning for Bowling Green to visit on old school mate. After spending a few weeks there she will visit her sister, Mrs. W. R. Manier, at Nashville.

GEN. W. J. LANDRUM is here. He has a claim pending before Congress for several thousand dollars, growing out of his former connection with the internal revenue service as collector. The department, it seems, denied him certain fees that he claimed he was entitled to receive. —Washington cor., Louisville Times.

CITY AND VICINITY.

READ ZIMMER'S "ad."

ALL kinds of produce wanted. A. T. Summelle.

PURKANDIES from 15c per lb. and upwards. S. S. MYERS.

THE McGilghy family at Walton's Opera House January 8.

FOR RENT.—The cottage we live in, Leticia and Mary Beazley.

THE L. & N. now sends a through sleeper to Atlanta, via this division and Cumberland Gap.

PARENTS, bring the little folks to Hilton's, Junction City, to see the large stick of candy. It weighs 57 pounds.

B. G. ALFORD sold to Geo. W. Gentry and mother his house and lot near the bridge on Hustonville street for \$200.

THE L. & N. will sell round trip tickets at 14 rates, 2 cents per mile, on Dec. 21, 25 and 31 and Jan. 1, good till Jan. 5, '91.

THE Lincoln County Building & Loan Association will issue a new series of stock Jan. 1, '91. A. A. Warren, Secretary.

AN excellent and convenient cottage of five rooms has just been completed by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Flowers on their farm near Rowland.

I HAVE sold over 400 rods of the celebrated Blue Grass Co.'s Hedge Fence in the last 2 months, but can fill any or all orders given me. S. C. Pollard.

ROWLAND.—For photograph cards all styles for 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1 per dozen; best cabinets \$1.50 per dozen during the holidays, go to F. Cordier.

FOR RENT.—The property now occupied by Dr. J. K. VanArsdale in Stanford, Ky. Possession given January 1. J. R. Craig, Agent, Hustonville, Ky.

MISTAKE.—J. P. Sandiler writes that it was not his house that burned at Middlesboro, but one belonging to Mr. J. C. Thompson, of Lancaster, occupied by R. R. Russell.

MORELAND is but 8 miles from here, yet it takes from two to three days for a letter to reach here from there. What has become of the petition for a route via McKinney to Hustonville from here? The matter ought not to be allowed to sleep.

LITTLE PERSONAL.—Miss Joe S. Jones presented to her husband on Wednesday an 8-pound girl—a Christmas gift, which that gentleman's very proud of. Mrs. H. W. Powers, of Columbus, O., the youngster's grand-mother, was here to welcome the little stranger.

HOLIDAY GOODS at A. A. Warren's.

FLORIDA oranges 35c per dozen. S. S. Myers.

OHIO River and Michigan Salt at Hilton's, Junction City, Ky.

Hilton, Junction City, has the largest stock of Xmas goods south of the Ohio River.

DANGEROUS.—Cheap candy is unhealthy. Go buy the pure, recommended by physicians, from W. B. McRoberts.

THE doctors haven't tested my candies but their wives and children have and pronounce them pure and wholesome. S. S. Myers.

RENTED.—Judge T. L. Shelton has rented his hotel, bar and bar fixtures to Gray & Davis, of Paint Lick, for \$100 per month to take possession Jan. 1. The judge will keep house for the present and says he is going to lead a quiet, easy life.

THE city council of Middlesboro, says the News, has decided to stop all contract work after Dec. 25th until March 1, owing to the stringency of the money market and difficulty in disposing of the city bonds. This has no connection with the town company's operations.

AS THE impression has been made on the public that Dr. J. G. Carpenter would only do office work, we wish to state the doctor will continue to do both office practice, surgery and general practice as formerly. Office, after 31st of December, on Lancaster street 34 door above Farmers' Bank & Trust Co., opposite Court House.

SOLID MIDDLEBROS.—The Advocate publishes a list of Boyle county tax-payers, who are assessed at \$10,000 and over and it numbers 169. J. C. Caldwell heads the procession with \$156,222. Peter Gentry comes next with \$106,975. W. B. Cecil follows with \$95,325. M. J. Farris with \$87,800. R. G. Evans \$82,320. Thos. McRoberts \$65,400 and so on down.

LIBERAL HOLIDAY RATES.—All ticket agents of the Kentucky Central and Newport News & Mississippi Valley (E. D.) Railways will sell round trip tickets every day from Dec. 20, '90, to Jan. 1, '91, inclusive, to any station on either road at the very liberal rate of 4c of the regular fare. Tickets good to return until Jan. 5. S. F. B. Moore, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

PICKPOCKETS ON THE L. & N.—John McCarty, of Jellico, was relieved of his watch at Junction City Tuesday night. He was sleeping in his room on the train and awake to find it gone. Yesterday a negro boarded conductor Roller's train at Dants and went through the pockets of a mountain man, who was too full of "bug juice." The negro jumped off of the moving train and of course was not captured.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.—While getting over a fence near Lancaster, Brent Hays, colored, son of old man Brent, of Renotown, was shot in the stomach by the accidental discharge of his pistol, which caught on one of the rails. The wound is a serious one and will very likely prove fatal. The weapon was a .44 calibre and the ball is believed to have taken an upward range and lodged in his shoulder.

CASES for illegal whisky selling at Hustonville continued to be presented against Neal Wicks, until 16 were brought in. Judge Varnon's court was at work on him all day Tuesday and piled up fines to the amount of \$300 and costs in eight cases, the other eight being dismissed. At this rate Mr. Wicks will find it cheaper to get out hence, if he proposes to continue in the business.

HUNTERS are prone to think very hard of farmers who post their lands, but they do exactly right. The average hunter does not care how much annoyance he gives people and is exceedingly careless as to fences and gates, and is not particular as to the direction of his shots. A farmer in Madison had a valuable mare killed by a stray shot from one of a party of hunters and another lost a mule in the same manner.

THEY tie.—Ward McAlister, the drollish New Yorker, who has made a reputation as an originator of fashions, says that mustaches are no longer the style and that he who desires to keep up with the lines should have his face shorn of whiskers of any kind. This will be good news to the young men here who have tried in vain to sprout a mustache and it is to be hoped that they will follow the advice of the distinguished fashion-plate above.

IS IT WISE?—The rather fishy story comes from Detective Imboden that he succeeded in locating Wils Howard, the notorious Harlan outlaw and murderer. He was after him for the murder of a deaf mute in Missouri and finally trailed him to California, to which State he recently went after him, only to find that he had been sentenced to the penitentiary last January under the name of John Brooks for a term of eight years for robbing the Wells-Fargo Express Co. Imboden asks Gen. Buckner to assist the governor of Missouri in getting a requisition for Howard to Missouri, or Kentucky for trial on the more serious charge of murder, for which he is indicted in both States, but Gov. Buckner will not interfere.

HIGHEST cash price paid for hides and furs at M. F. Elkin & Co's.

FRESH bones and pig feet to-day, which will probably be the last this season. E. P. Owsley.

A. R. PENNY is still selling watches clocks and anything in the jewelry line at cost. They are selling like hot cakes. The stock is kept up, new goods arriving almost daily. But bear in mind that they sell for cash only. Bring the money with you.

FIRE AT JUNCTION CITY.—A little after 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the oven in the bakery of Mr. W. S. Bernard, at Junction City, caught fire and in a few moments the flames were communicated to the adjoining buildings, which belonged to Mr. F. S. Tuttle. They were occupied by him and his family, W. S. Bernard and D. A. Twaddle and were entirely consumed. Mr. Tuttle's loss is said to be \$7,000, with no insurance. Bernard had no insurance, but Twaddle had a small amount on his butcher shop fixtures. The store room of Thos. Barnett on the opposite side also burned, with its contents, and the loss of about \$1,500 is entire. The livery stable of O. J. Thurmond and Weber's bar-room and residence caught several times, but were extinguished by the hard work of the fire brigade.

FOR FARMERS AND TRADERS.

—Eggs are selling at 30 cts. a dozen in Cincinnati.

—Corn sold in Bourbon this week at \$2.25 in the field.

—E. A. White sold to D. N. Prewitt 10 250-pound hogs at 34 cents.

—L. H. Stone sold to D. N. Prewitt a lot of fat 2-year-old cattle at 24 cts.

—James Underwood sold to P. T. Gentry, of Boyle, a pair of horse mules for \$250.

—FOR SALE.—A nice 3 year-old jacky "Tuttle's Beecher." R. H. Bronaugh, Crab Orchard.

—FOR SALE.—40 head of cotton mules, ready for market. McRoberts & Briscoe, Shelby City, Ky.

—Lewis Withers has bought about 150 barrels of corn in the last week, paying \$2.50 for it delivered.

—Samaritan, raised by S. H. Bangluman, ran second in a mile and 1-16 race at Gloucester, Tuesday.

—F. Reid bought of W. P. Tate 17 head 1,100 pound cattle at 3 cents and of Wm. Beck 6 weighing 1,400 at 33.

—W. M. Rine & Son sold to Capt. T. A. Elkin for a southern party, the promising filly, Pookie Courts, for over \$1,000.

—J. C. Enbanks & Bro., sold Pony Beazley a broodmare for \$200 and another to Shelby Harrison, of Lexington, for \$250.

—GROOMING CORNER.—250 cattle on sub best feeders bringing 3.38, yearlings 2 to 3.10; mules, horses and cows dull.—Times.

—E. P. Hwsley bought of James Gentry 19 300-pound hogs at 3.20. He purchased of J. B. Robinson 21 of same at same price.

—Senator Harris, of Madison, sold to a Clark county man his premium jack Longhorn, for \$1,200. He wore 12 out of 15 blue ribbons last summer.

—A train of 17 cars, all loaded with poultry, left Ottawa, Ont., Sunday for the Christmas market of Boston. The duty to be paid on the chickens is estimated at \$15,000.

—Good cattle are in demand in Cincinnati, but the market for other grades is slow. Best shippers bring 4 1/2, good to choice butchers 3 to 4; hogs are dragging and lower at 2 1/2 to 3.55; sheep are in moderate demand at 5 1/2 to 5.

—Send in your orders now for copies of the great Christmas number of the Kentucky Stock Farm, which, besides a handsome cover in bright colors, will contain several full-page supplements, faithful pictures of celebrated trotting horses, and other illustrations; in addition, trotting statistics, editorial matter and special contributions. If so good as the Christmas number of last year (and it certainly will be), it will be a "dandy." Only 10 cts.; Lexington, Ky.

—R. Q. Davis, of this county, sold 300 bushels of hemp seed to different parties at \$2 to \$2.50 per bushel. W. W. Welsh, of Boyle, bought of Gordon Graves, of Greensburg, 28 head of fat cattle, averaging 1,733 pounds, at 41 cents. Col. Andy Rice has returned from Atlanta, where he disposed of a car-load of cotton mules at about \$75 per head. The market is rather dull and many mules in the hands of dealers there. The R. J. Moore farm, on the Lebanon pike, 3 miles from Danville, sold at auction Monday to Humphrey Hudson, of Garrard, at \$82.50. It is splendidly improved.—Advocate.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Mr. G. P. Ramsey a highly respected citizen of this county, died Wednesday.

—J. M. Cook sold through White & Williams his farm near town to George Decker for \$1,250.

—Mr. J. M. Williams has been given 21 trick in the Middlesboro dispatchers' office. John will surely reach the top of the ladder in railroad.

—The old board of trustees were re-elected Saturday at the town election. Mr. E. B. Smith was elected police judge without opposition, receiving all the votes cast with but one exception. V. P. Freeman was re-elected marshal. The board consists of the following gentlemen: R. M. Hosack, R. L. Stark, W. A. B. Davis, H. C. Gentry and M. P. Newcomb.

DIAMONDS.

We have the largest and finest assortment of precious stones ever introduced here and are sure to please the most fastidious. Everything goes

REGARDLESS OF COST

Our stock comprises the latest designs in Rich Gold Jewelry, Fine Gold, Silver and Nickel Watches, Sterling Silverware, Oak and Walnut Clocks and elegant Bronzes—in fact, everything that is beautiful. No old stock to work off, but only new goods at the Lowest Prices.

Enough to Make a Wonder.

Books, Toys, Dolls, Doll Buggies, Wagons, Sleds, Tool Sets and Hobby Horses, Toilet Cases in Plush and Metal; the largest assortment of New Games ever shown. Useful, appropriate and ornamental

XMAS GIFTS.

Come and see the Grandest Display ever placed before the public. Come early, as first come are first served and we are in a continual rush. Our House is Headquarters for HOLIDAY GOODS.

W. B. McROBERTS.

—The first duties of the new police will probably be to summons all citizens, who are not subscribers to his paper, the Signal, before his honor to show cause why they shall not be fined for contempt of court in failing to subscribe. Delinquents should beware.

—The bank question is being agitated here. Mr. Vernon has long needed an institution of this kind and her trade has been seriously impaired for the lack of a bank. It is to be hoped the business and money men will see to it that the much desired cash be forthcoming to establish one.

—Messrs. J. Vance, W. A. Moberly, H. M. Miller, Vick Owens, A. J. Bailey and R. A. Brown were the operators who worked nights here during the month. Charlie Davis is now the devil in the Signal office. Mrs. D. N. Williams is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Brown at Lancaster. W. A. Moberly has accepted a position with the K. C. G. & L. road at Tunnel Junction, near the north entrance of Cumberland Gap Tunnel. Col. J. B. Fish and wife, after spending several days here on their return from the South, have gone to Pineville. Mrs. William Roberts, living near Pine Hill, was painfully injured by falling down stairs a few days since. Mr. J. W. Huston and wife are in Pittsburg, Pa., for two weeks. Vick Owens is holding down the Hazel Patch night office for a few nights for Mr. Vance, who is taking Christmas.

—The stallion Strader H., has been purchased by R. W. Gilchrist, of Warren county, O., for \$15,000.

—Pittsburg was visited Tuesday night by a snow storm, which continued during Wednesday. The fall, the heaviest known in that section, paralyzed business, destroyed the wire service and blocked all railroad travel. At Bedford, Pa., and Roanoke, Va. The snow is two feet deep.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

An election for Directors for the Farmers Bank & Trust Co., Stanford, Ky., will be held at said Bank office January 7, 1891.

J. B. OWSELEY, Cashier.

FOR SALE.

A Jewel Buckden Stallion; is a red sorrel and in his 4th year; a combined roadster, very stylish, sire Second Jewel; 1st dan. Little Buckden, she by Buckshot, he by Imp. Buckden; 2d dan. Bay Dick mare; 3d dan Gray Eagle.

E. C. WALTON, Stanford, Ky.

RICHARD C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for Auditor of the State of Kentucky, subject to the will of the Democratic party.

I. M. BRUCE,

LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLE, STANFORD, KY.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COMMERCIAL travelers. Horses and mules bought and sold (only first-class horses and vehicles used in livery)

National Building & Loan Association, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

JOHN H. LEATHERS, President; JOHN L. DUNLAP, Vice-President.

The Safest and Best Investment

Today in the State.

Paid 12 Per Cent. the First Year

Every \$500 invested (on 10 shares) Earns \$500. For particulars, write C. M. PHILLIPS, Esq., 31 West Main St., Louisville, Ky.

REMOVED!

I have removed my office to my residence, opposite Female College, where I will be found at all times.

COME TO HEADQUARTERS

—FOR YOUR—

Christmas Fruits and Candies,

—BANANAS,—

Florida Oranges, Malaga Grapes, Lemons, Apples,

Cocoanuts, Figs, English Walnuts, Almonds and Pecans.

We have just received from Louisville the largest and nicest stock of hand-made and fancy

MIXED FRENCH CANDIES

Ever brought to Stanford. Our stock is entirely new and fresh. Call in and see for yourself.

FRESH OYSTERS AT ALL HOURS.

S. S. MYERS.

—GO TO—

A. A. WARREN'S

"Model Grocery"

—FOR—

HOLIDAY GOODS.

His stock is large and complete. He has an elegant line of

Vases, Glass Baskets, Salad Dishes in China,

Decorated China Plates & Fruit Saucers, Cups and Saucers,

Beautiful Water Sets, Toys and a Thousand and One Things in China and Glass.

Also Oranges, Lemons, Nuts, Cocoa Nuts, Figs, Dates and the Finest and Purest Candies that can be bought.

W. P. WALTON.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank in Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville the second Tuesday in January, 1891, which is the 13th, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1891, which is the 13th, for the purpose of electing eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year.

JOHN J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

FOR RENT OR SALE.

The House and Lot of 1 1/2 Acres on the Danville pike, one mile from Stanford, now occupied by Mr. F. Thurmond. It is well improved, has fine orchard, good garden and water.

MRS. FANNIE DUNN.

NEW SAW MILL.

I have finished my new Saw Mill on the Somerset pike, 7 miles from Stanford, and am prepared to furnish any kind of LUMBER, SHINGLES, &c., at LOWEST PRICES. I will sell the lumber at the mill or deliver, to suit purchasers. Give me a trial. Postoffice, MAYWOOD, KY.

A. B. BASTIN

WELL BORING.

I am well prepared to bore wells and will do the work in a good manner and promptly.

At One Dollar a Foot.

Call on or address me at Stanford, Kentucky.

L. T. SMITH.

Farm For Sale.

I desire to sell my farm of 120 acres, situated about 1 1/2 miles north of Stanford on the Rush Branch pike, opposite the old church. There are about 40 acres in wheat and rye; the balance of the farm well set in timothy. Good dwelling of four rooms and kitchen and a splendid new barn. It is well watered and fenced. Possession can be given immediately. For particulars, see J. P. Bailey, Stanford, or write the undersigned at Cincinnati, Ohio.

E. WITHERS.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

221 Acres of Land in Lincoln Co.

Part of the estate of R. W. Givens, dec'd.

130 1/2 acres front on the north side of the Stanford and Knob Lick turnpike, adjoining A. K. Denny. A large part of this tract is excellent hemp land. The balance is in corn and grass.

24 1/2 acres in grass lie south of said pike, adjoining A. K. Denny and Capt. Ben Powell, with in 200 yards of first tract. Both tracts are well watered and as a whole will make a good farm.

Liberal time given on deferred payments.

If not sold before January 1st, both tracts will be rented, separately if desired, for the year 1891, January 1.

JAS. G. & W. P. GIVENS, Executors.

HOUSE FOR RENT

And STOCK OF DRUGS FOR SALE.

Desiring to quit the drug business at Hustonville I offer my entire stock of fresh Drugs and Chemicals for sale. My stock is complete in every particular and the business is a paying one in Hustonville. Will also rent the entire house my store is located in. The house contains a good upstairs room. 52-5m G. A. WASH, Hustonville.

POSTED.

This notice forbids hunters, fishermen and others not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Signed:

B. W. GAINES, J. B. MCKINNEY,
Mrs. SAMFORD IRWIN, JOHN G. LYNN,
Mrs. ALICE TUCKER, J. H. RALLOU,
THOS. C. BELL, W. A. HAMILTON,
M. C. REYNOLDS, I. S. PHILLIPS,
J. L. BECK, Mrs. ALICE J. BAUGHMAN,
F. M. WAKE, K. H. COOPER,
W. A. COFFEY, Mrs. M. A. MARTIN,
ROBERT BARNETT, J. E. BRUCE,
W. P. GRIMES.

FARM FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

On account of continued bad health, I desire to sell privately my farm of 120 acres of blue grass land at a bargain, in a fine state of fertility. Would sell 200 acres with improvements. Location one mile south of Stanford, and the laying of the farm is superb. There are all of the necessary improvements, including a frame dwelling of five rooms and hall, a large basement barn, and all buildings new. For further information, apply to 48-1m ROBT. McALLISTER, Stanford.

PUBLIC SALE.

Having sold my farm, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder on

Friday, January 2, 1891,

All my personal property, consisting of

Twenty head of horse stock, 1 combined saddle and harness Stallion and 1 Jack. I have colts of both which will show breeding qualities. 1 yoke of work Osets, 3 Milk Cows and some young Cattle, 20 fat Hogs, 45 stock Hogs, some thoroughbred Berkshire Sows, 20 sheep, several good broad Mares, 1 a King William, some of the best saddle and harness stock in the county. Wagons, Buggy, Buckeye Mower, Hay Rake, Plows and Farming Utensils generally. Household and Kitchen Furniture, 1 good Piano and other things too tedious to mention.

Is the weather is too bad, sale will be continued from day to day until completed. Sale will be at my farm on the Hustonville and Bradfordville turnpike, 5 miles west of Hustonville, near J. F. Alcott's Store.

DR. J. P. FLANAGAN,

Powers Store, Casey Co., Ky.

TAR-OLD PILES

THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, WOUNDS, BURNS,

SORES, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, &c.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Send three two-cent stamps for free sample box and book.

TAR-OLD SOAP

ABSOLUTELY PURE,

FOR MEDICINAL, TOILET, BATH,

AND NURSERY PURPOSES.

TAR-OLD CO., Chicago, Ill.

For sale by A. R. Penny and M. L. Bourne, Stanford.

THE YOUTH OF PARNELL.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ONE WHO KNEW HIM MANY YEARS AGO.

The Irish Leader That Was to Be Inherited Firmness, Courage and Sense—No One Thought He Would Be a Public Man—His School Days.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Parnell's career has been so brilliant and impressive that anything which illustrates his character or explains its strength, and the reasons for the bent of his intellect, possesses the greatest interest. His public life is known of all men, but of his early days, the promise of his youth, his habits and associations, much less has been heard.

Mr. H. B. Hammond, now the president of the Indianapolis and Decatur railway, who lives in New York, had an opportunity to see Parnell when he was in his college days, and to share in some of the social delights which made Mrs. Parnell's city home in Dublin so attractive some twenty odd years ago.

Mr. Hammond was appointed United States consul to Dublin by President Lincoln, and upon the suggestion of Charles Sumner and recommendation of Secretary of State Seward. He served in that office from 1861 to 1864. The Earl of Carlisle was then the lord lieutenant for Ireland, and Mr. Hammond was a frequent visitor at the castle, where he often met Mrs. Parnell. She was held in high esteem by the Earl of Carlisle, who pronounced her one of the most remarkable women he had ever met; whose social and personal charms were equaled by her mental endow-



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

ments. She had been presented at every one of the European courts, and had gathered about her in her Dublin home the beauty, intellect, wit and talent of Irish society.

Besides her city home Mrs. Parnell had a country place at Wicklow, the same estate which Charles Stewart Parnell now possesses, and to which he goes when he wishes to be in retirement. Into the family circle as then established Mr. Hammond was a welcome guest. He and Mrs. Parnell were Americans, and a friendship had been established years before between Commodore Charles Stewart, Mrs. Parnell's father, and Gen. Mansfield, the distinguished officer who was killed at Antietam, and who was an uncle of Mr. Hammond. At that time Mrs. Parnell's daughters, Emily, Sophy and Fanny were living at home, and two of the sons, but Charles Stewart was reading for honors at Oxford university. The daughters were very attractive and intellectual women, and Sophy was esteemed a very beautiful one as well.

Fanny was just beginning to take that interest in the Fenian movement which afterward became so conspicuous. Sir John Parnell, the father of Charles Stewart Parnell, had been dead for some years. Although he had married an American girl, of whom he was very proud, yet he was not cordial in his admiration of Americans generally, and hesitated not to express his opinion freely. When his opinions were once proven they were like granite, immovable, and it is this trait of his character which Charles Stewart Parnell has conspicuously inherited. Sir John was esteemed a peculiarly set and obstinate man, and even as a child Charles Stewart was of stubborn disposition. His family used often to say that "Charlie" was just like his father in that respect.

The austerity, reserve and chilly demeanor which have so frequently been spoken of in connection with Charles Stewart Parnell therefore is not a mannerism, as many have supposed, assumed to defend himself, but is a family trait. The children got it naturally enough. Sir John Parnell was thus constituted, and so was Commodore Charles Stewart, Parnell's grandfather on the mother's side.

Another family trait was known of all the friends when the children were small. That was physical courage of the supreme sort. That was an inheritance from the old commodore, who never knew what fear was. Fanny Parnell possessed this quality in the highest degree. She was daring almost to recklessness when she rode to hounds, and as a driver was happiest when she controlled the most spirited, nervous and excitable horses to be found in Ireland. The other girls were brave, physically brave, and often displayed this fearlessness to the admiration of their mates. It is this quality of courage which has stood Charles Stewart Parnell in such good stead.

With his brothers and sisters, however, Charles Stewart Parnell was but little associated after the days of bills and nurses. He was sent early to school, and afterward entered Oxford. During the long vacations he sometimes came home, but was more likely to remain away, so that it sometimes happened that the family did not see him for months at a time. He entered Oxford with a cousin named Edwards. His chief intimacy was with this relative, who is now, or was recently, a lawyer in Boston, but whose home is at Gardiner, Me. At Oxford Charles Stewart was inconspicuous. He was not a hard student. He had not many intimates, but was not so reserved or exclusive as not to make many pleasant acquaintances. His college mates thought that he

would develop into a respectable, sport loving country squire. He had inherited from his uncle, Sir Ralph Howard, of London, a comfortable property, which was well invested, and it was known that he expected to possess the Wicklow estate, of which he was very fond. He displayed, too, a mighty love of athletic sports, especially of shooting. In his vacations he was accustomed to go wherever good shooting could be obtained, and he usually spent the Christmas holidays in grouse shooting in Scotland. He was also very fond of riding and driving—a trait which he had in common with other members of the family—and he wanted the most spirited horses, and was happiest when he had a nervous animal to master.

So conspicuous was Parnell's fondness for sports that he was esteemed among his college mates as bound to make a career as a gentleman sportsman. His own family seemed to have this opinion of him; they never regarded him as a young man of especial promise, and it is said that some of them looked with amazement upon the revelation of his powers which he made after becoming a member of parliament. The hope of the family was rather centered in the oldest son, who became a barrister and practiced in London. Another son, John Parnell, they thought would develop into a great financier and would perhaps become a political power. He seemed to have far more inclination for public activity than ever Charles Stewart Parnell indicated in the days of his youth. This son, however, was persuaded to come to America and buy a plantation. He did so, bought a peach farm, and has lived a quiet but happy and profitable life as a raiser of peaches in one of the southern states.

One of the daughters, she who was esteemed most beautiful, married a Mr. Livingstone, a very wealthy man, with an establishment in Paris, and there she lived for some years, moving in the very highest circles and dispensing hospitality in a manner which charmed the best elements of Parisian society. She is now dead. Fanny Parnell was thought by all the family friends, however, to be the most brilliant member of the family, and although her sympathy with the Fenian movement brought her on the one hand in contact with persons who had no claim to social distinction, yet on the other she maintained with supreme grace the honors of her mother's drawing room in Dublin.

The social position of the family was of the very best. On Sir John Parnell's side the family was connected with the British nobility, and the best of drawing rooms would have been cheerfully opened to Charles Stewart Parnell had he chosen to enter society. Besides that, the distinguished American family of his mother had given him an additional claim for social prominence. But he never cared for that sort of thing. He found his pleasant society in the companionship of men, and was fond of a quiet dinner with his mates, where he revealed a genial side of his character which was not apparent to near acquaintances.

After Parnell was graduated from Oxford he was for a time in more intimate companionship with his mother and sister Fanny than he had been since childhood. It was the time when they were enthusiastically supporting the Fenian movement, and there is no doubt at all that it is due to the influence of his sister Fanny that Parnell's attention was first called to the Irish situation and his ambition stimulated. He did not agree with his mother or sister as to the success or advisability of the Fenian movement, but he spent many months in practical seclusion trying to solve in his own mind the problem. He decided at last to follow where O'Connell had led, and to attempt to win for Ireland by constitutional methods and by the process of agitation what the Fenians proposed to do by arms. Having his ambition stimulated, his opinions fixed, the inherited characteristics of the man asserted themselves, such as tenacity of purpose, great courage and a power of patience which was marvelous to those who knew him as a rather impatient youngster. He sought an election to parliament, and his career began.

Those who knew Parnell in his youth and college days are not surprised at the revelation which has been made of the weak spot in his armor; they think that his weakness was always in that direction, and they narrate some rather substantial reasons for such belief. Had he been as invulnerable to such temptation as he has been to all others he would have been perfectly equipped, his old acquaintances say, to carry on the fight until he won it.

E. J. EDWARDS.

The Power of the Speaker.

There are two phases to the method by which the American house of representatives exercises its power—the work in committee room, the proceedings in open session. One is the brain which inspires, the other the body which performs. Over both are the power, and the shadow, and the direction of the speaker. He not only makes the committees in the first place, with the widest sort of latitude as to men and their views upon measures, but after they are made and are at work it is he who governs them with a nod or a word, who gives them or denies them a hearing in the house itself, who shapes things very much as he would have them, or as he may think it best they should be. Not much that he does not want done is done; nearly everything he does want is effected.

This does not necessarily imply tyranny on his part—it is in the nature of things. A man cannot become speaker without the aid of his party, and when a majority party chooses a speaker it is its duty to stand by him. It has made him king—the king can do no wrong. These things do wrong, of course, as all kings do; they even offend their followers, wound the feelings of their subjects. But more than one congressman has discovered that there is no profit in quarreling with a speaker. Better bow the knee and get what you can.

AMERICAN MEAT IN ENGLAND.

Policy of the British Government in Regard to It.

Mr. Chaplin, British minister of agriculture, has always denied that in maintaining the restrictions on the importation of live cattle from the United States he has been actuated by any motives other than a desire to protect British stock from imported disease. But a speech which he made at a meeting of Tory farmers and others at Driffield, in Yorkshire, pretty clearly indicates that he entertains feelings anything but cordial toward the United States government, and that if he dared he would joyfully prohibit altogether the importation of American cattle. He professed sorrow at being compelled to restrict importations from friendly countries like Holland and Germany, but in regard to the United States he did not trouble himself even to feign regret. Amid the approving cheers and laughter of his audience he predicted a good time coming when British farmers would cease to receive stock from America.

American exporters have been repeatedly warned against expecting any favor or consideration from Mr. Chaplin, and they may as well understand now that, so far as America is concerned, the policy of the British board of agriculture will become more of a protectionist nature. The only chance of a change to a more friendly state of things for many years to come is a Liberal victory at the next general election. Should Mr. Gladstone return to power the consumers, who are complaining of high prices, would soon receive consideration, and the fiction that every foreign country was infected with cattle disease would be quickly exposed and denounced. Meanwhile British farmers, who are Tories and supporters of the present government, almost to a man, are filling their own pockets.

In less than a year their cattle have increased by 300,000, their sheep and hams by 1,140,000, and their pigs by 262,000. Chaplin promises still greater benefits in the immediate future, and the various agricultural societies, emboldened by their success in the past, will support him heartily in any further steps which he may venture to take against foreign countries in general and America in particular. These bodies are just now conducting a strong agitation in favor of the proposal that foreign meat sold in British markets should be labeled as such, the object, of course, being to depreciate the imported article and send up the price of home produce.

Mr. Chaplin has received an official notification from the department of agriculture at Washington to the effect that the meat bill and the new orders and regulations for inspection of cattle and sheep for export go into force at Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Boston, Charlestown, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and Newport News. Doubtless Mr. Chaplin was in possession of this information when he went to Yorkshire to speak. It is therefore important to know exactly what he said respecting the meat bill. Here is a verbatim report of that part of his speech:

"You will have seen that power has been given to the president of the United States absolutely to prohibit the importation of goods from any country which, in accordance with his ideas, might be acting unfairly to the United States. Well, the Americans consider themselves aggrieved that the English minister of agriculture should continue to insist that cattle from their country should be slaughtered at the port of debarkation, and it was hinted that in retaliation the president might absolutely prohibit the importation of Manchester, Birmingham and other British goods into America. I do not think I am likely to be less obdurate in the future because of this threat than I have been in the past, because the information of the board of agriculture is that, in spite of all the efforts made in America to exterminate pleuro-pneumonia, that disease still exists there. This being so, I conceive it to be the duty of the English minister of agriculture to continue to pursue precisely the same policy as he would have thought it right to pursue had this meat bill never been heard of at all."—Foreign Cor. New York Sun.

Points of Interest.

Remember it is mized farming—live stock, grain, fruit and vegetables—that "goes" in these days, and nothing else will.

The poultry need exercise in winter if confined in a yard. One way to give it to them is to tie a cabbage or a head of wheat just out of their reach, so they will be obliged to jump for it. Another way is to leave a good sized part of their yard littered with leaves. Distribute corn or other grain food to them by showering it over this space and then raking the leaves carefully upon it. The hens will be obliged to scratch to get the grain.

The ancient Egyptians understood the artificial hatching of eggs probably better than anybody now does, so well at least that by their process their degenerate descendants in Egypt to this day rear 15,000,000 chickens for market annually. General Cardwell at Cairo says so.

A self regulating feeder for hogs and other live stock has been invented. It distributes the food to the animals evenly and prevents waste.

New Mexico has 2,000,000 head of sheep and goats.

The western counties of Colorado contain twice as many sheep as they did three years ago.

Be sure and have a generous dust bath for the poultry in winter. Once in a while sprinkle into the dust a spoonful of insect powder or powdered sulphur.

Cattle shipments over the Northern Pacific end in the latter part of November.

The Southdown mutton sheep is becoming very popular in the eastern and middle sections of the Union, to some extent supplanting other breeds.

Sell your old and inferior ewes off for what you can get. Never breed from them.

Happy Christmas

—TO ALL SAYS—

F. M. WARE,

McKinney, - - Ky.

Who in order to make all enjoy the Holiday season has put forth the greatest effort of his life in making his purchases of

HOLIDAY × GOODS.

Certainly none can fail to appreciate the pains he has taken to please all.

The Latest of Everything You will Find in His Selection.

It is simply immense and must be seen to be fully appreciated. He feels that he has

The Holiday Stock of this Section of the State,

And wants every one to call and see it whether they buy anything or not.

Thanking one and all for a liberal share of trade during the year, he wishes all a happy Christmas year.

J. S. Davis,

YOSEMITE, KY..

Santa Claus' Headquarters.

I have on hand an unusually large supply of Holiday Goods and invite the people of this section to call and see them. My store is the place to buy Christmas supplies and my prices on that line of goods are extremely low.

I desire to thank my friends for their kind patronage during the year nearly closed and ask a continuance during 1891.

J. S. DAVIS, Yosemite.

J. W. RAMSEY,

Dealer In.....

GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE

Glassware, Tinware, &c.

Has on hand a fresh supply of canned goods of every description, macaroni, beans, prunes and in fact everything found in a first-class grocery. Tobaccos and cigars a specialty. Confectioneries, nuts, raisins, &c., in great variety. Give my Nudavene, something new, a trial.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Hiccups, Eructation, Bile Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTOR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

—GO TO—

HIGGINS & MCKINNEY'S

—FOR—

Heating Stoves, Cooking Stoves, Coal Vases, Coal Hods, Fire Sets, Stove Boards.

Also full line of Hardware. We make a specialty of Cutlery. Sole agents for the Celebrated Queen Shears—every pair warranted.

We also handle a full line of Queensware and Groceries and guarantee our prices to be as low as anybody's. Try our "O. K." Lard, best in the world.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT AILS YOU?

You feel tired—Do you know what it means? You are nervous—Why? You cough in the morning—Do you realize the cause? Your appetite is poor—What makes it so? You seem like a changed person to your friends—Do you know what is the matter, or has the change been so gradual it has escaped your notice?

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY.

It is recommended by the best physicians in Europe and America. 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per Bottle.

W. H. HOOKER & CO., 46 West Broadway, New York.

WHAT AILS YOU?

You have Consumption! We do not say this to frighten you, but it is true. These are the sure symptoms of this terrible disease. There is one thing which will check it and that is

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY.

It is recommended by the best physicians in Europe and America. 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per Bottle.

W. H. HOOKER & CO., 46 West Broadway, New York.

"AN IDYLL OF OYSTER BAY"

—BY—
GENIE HOLTZMEYER ROSENFELD.

THIRD WEEK.

Oh, Clara, pity me! I have found my life just as I am to lose it!

I am writing this letter to you because I must do so or break my heart. Hans has promised to come under my window in an hour for it, for, Clara, I am no longer able to leave the house myself. I am a prisoner, locked up by Harriet lest I should see Mr. Douglas and give up everything for him. Let me tell you all about it quickly, for the minutes fly and Hans may soon be here.

I told you last week how much I was feeling of Mr. Douglas, and how much I wished I were free to care for him. Clara, I have been a fool, a weak fool, and have let myself drift with the tide of my feelings, without a thought, to the sharp rocks on which I might be drifting.

Harriet has been with us all the time. Harriet has approved of him, and there has been nothing to warn me that he thought any thing more of me than of an ordinary acquaintance until to-night.

We were all sitting on the porch watching the sun go down. He had rowed us home, and at Harriet's request stayed to supper. Clara, when I am old and all the life and passion has died out of my heart, I shall still remember the red glow of that sunset, the little ruddy dimples each stroke of his oar made on the glowing bosom of the tide, the fleecy clouds overhead, deepening from pearl to rosy tints until they reached the water, when they were taken up and continued in deeper, stronger hues, till they reached our boat and enveloped us too in their glory and splendor.

Sunset has undone more lovers than ever the cold, prudish gleam of moonlight.

Harriet was in the waist of the boat, he in the bow, and steering. Over Harriet's shoulder he gave me one look. Clara, if that is the way all men look at the women they love, I no longer wonder at the power men have over us. It was as though some one had struck me. I was powerless to speak or even move. I sat silent, hardly daring to breathe and if my life had depended on it I could not have raised my eyes.

Harriet must have seen my face and interpreted its meaning. She was singularly pleasant to Mr. Douglas, and would ask him to supper when I was longing for him to go that I might be alone to fathom if I could the strange terror that possessed me.

Throughout the meal I did not speak, and I could have cried aloud when Harriet insisted on his sitting on the porch with us for awhile.

We were hardly seated when I found out her meaning.

"We'd better make the most of this evening," she said, "for to-morrow my niece and I have to go away."

I started, and so did he.

"Yes," she continued, quickly, before I could say a word. "It's time that my niece went back to her people; she's getting kind of notional on her, and the notions she's getting won't be good for her;" then getting bolder as we both maintained silence: "I didn't say nothing to you about it, Nan, but I put your bits of duds together this afternoon, and we'll start by the first train to Long Island City in the morning."

I was silent, and for a few moments not a word was said; then from the cowshed came the voice of William Sayer: "Harriet! Harriet! Come here! The old cow's a-dying, sure!"

The old cow was the apple of Harriet's eye, and without a word she rose and

ran to the shed. In an instant Mr. Douglas was on his feet.

"A blessing on the old cow! And may she need all-night treatment. Nan! Nan! I must speak to you! Come with me, quickly!"

He hurried me down the bank to the boat that was beached below us, and in a trice we were off and rowing for dear life to round the point before Harriet should come back and miss us.

There was not a sound of the oar in the rowlock now; silent as death and as swift, we sped out into the darkling waters. A moment—two—and then we had rounded the point, and, stretching to his work with long, easy strokes, we were soon under the shadow of old Firefly.

Not a word did he speak as we sped along, only as we passed the rock which had been the first cause of bringing us together he raised his oars, and, leaning forward, took my hand and kissed it. "Thank you," he said, and then, lifting his head, he said, "my hand, led me

toward a spot we both had often loved. A spring came down from the heights above to mingle with the waters here, and over its mouth a great tree had fallen, leaving a branch that had served us for a bench many a time.

As we walked my feet slipped on a stone, and involuntarily I grasped his shoulder for assistance; when I would have withdrawn my hand he placed his on mine and held me fast, but spoke no word till we reached the seat. Then he stood before me and spoke:

"Nan," he said simply, "I love you! I love you with my whole soul. I ought not to tell you so, because your aunt told me two weeks ago that you were already promised to a young farmer near your own home. Hush, Nan, don't speak. You have been all that was sweet, womanly and modest, and had I not known this I should have had to leave you long ago, for I, too, am promised to another; I knew my love could not harm you, or I would have put the whole Atlantic between us days ago! But I could not let you go away forever without telling you. It can never do a woman harm to know that a man loves her and would make her the pride of his home if he were able. I feel, somehow, that I must tell you, Nan, and that I can do so without wronging the man to whom you are bound, or forfeiting whatever esteem you may have for me."

He was silent a moment, holding my hand in his and caressing it. Then he spoke again:

"You have always struck me as being so much above your position. Nan, it seems strange to find a girl of such fine sensibilities among such people as yours,



I GRASPED HIS SHOULDER.

and it is this gentle nature of yours that makes me feel that you will understand me to-night. You have been kind to me, Nan, and had we both been free, I think I could have made you love me, but it is better as it is, only, Nan, I want you to think of me sometimes; I want you to realize a little what you have been to me, and to know that your sweet friendship will be the one solace I shall take with me into the loveless life that lies before me."

"Loveless!" I gasped.

"Yes, loveless! I have never loved any woman in the world but you, Nan; no woman's hand has ever lain on my shoulder as yours did just now—no woman's eyes have ever fed from mine as yours did in the boat this evening—I never thought of love till I thought of you—she whom I am bound in honor to marry does not love me, nor I her."

"Then why—" I began.

"Nan," he said, "don't you know what duty is? I have a dear mother—she has sacrificed herself for me a thousand times since she first gave me birth—she has deprived herself of necessities that I might have luxuries. My father, Nan, is a poor, blind, old man; for him and for me my mother has done marvels. She sent me to college that I might be able to take the high place among men that she coveted for me, and to do this and feed my blind father she had to deprive herself of everything. When I discovered the truth I vowed to repay her if it ever lay in my power. The opportunity has come; she who has till now never asked any thing of me in her life now asks that I marry this woman. At the time when my mother made this request it seemed nothing to me—I promised. Now, Nan, I find that it was a supreme sacrifice that she asked me, and though I would endeavor to keep my word to my mother at all costs, still if you loved me it would be almost beyond my power to do so, and I rejoice that you have no love for me to make the sacrifice beyond the power of human endurance."

Clara, what could I say? What could I do? Here was the love I had longed for, the deliverance I had prayed for, right within my reach, and yet not for me. Clara, you know by this time that I did care for him, and to have him feel confident that I did not and to believe in a wicked invention of that foolish Harriet's was too much for me. I felt every thing I cared for in the world slipping away from me, and I did what I could not help doing—broke down and wept.

In a moment his arms were about me. "Nan, my darling, why do you sob so? Tell me—is it—Nan, tell me, do you love me?"

What could I say, Clara? Nothing. I buried my head on his shoulder and could not speak, but how true it is that there are times when words are superfluous! He understood me perfectly and soothed me like a child. I will never forget the happy moments that followed. Then he spoke:

"I have been wrong, very wrong; I should have left you long ago, and not jeopardized your happiness as well as my own!"

"You have been deceived," I said; "Harriet has deceived you. I am not bound to any one. It is true that in a few days I have to give my decision about some one—but I am free, absolutely free."

He was silent and paced up and down the beach before me.

"It is, then, your happiness and mine, against the peace of mind of my mother," he said at last. "Oh, Nan, ought we to listen to the voice of duty and part here and now, or ought we to throw all else aside for our love?"

I shuddered.

He paced the beach again, and then came and stood beside me.

"Could you face poverty with me?" he asked. "Not such as you have here, but genteel poverty, where you have to struggle to keep up appearances, no matter how sad your heart, or how empty your purse. I am quite a poor fellow; would you be willing to share poverty with me?"

"I could—" I began.

He interrupted me.

"I know what you would say, you could work. But were you my wife I would not let you wear out your life working for me."

I paused. I was about to tell him the whole truth, when swiftly he turned upon us came Harriet. She had missed us and flown along the beach after us. She was so enraged that she hardly knew what she was saying, and with her backing of William Sayer and Hans she was formidable indeed.

"You're a fine specimen for a gentleman!" she began; "as for you, Nan, I'll talk to you later. Get home at once! If it wasn't too late you should go back to your home this night!"

"You needn't be so angry with your niece, Mrs. Sayer," he said, soothingly. "If you had given us time we would have come back to you ourselves and taken you into our confidence. I have been asking Nan to be my wife."

"You have," Harriet sniffed. "Well, she won't, I can tell you that right now. Lordy, who are you, I wonder, to want to marry the likes of her?"

Mr. Douglas was nettled.

"I can satisfy you about my respectability easily enough," he said. "I can offer your niece a comfortable home with my mother and father, and can give you a guarantee to keep her from want."

"You can, can you?" said Harriet, "and you think that would satisfy her? You don't know her! She's never done a hand's turn in her life, that girl hasn't! What do you make?"

"Nearly fifty dollars a week."

"Humph! She could spend that in gloves, and not know she'd had it!"

Mr. Douglas looked at me, amazed.

Harriet, however, went on quickly.

"She ain't no country girl! She's a girl city born, and city bred, and you'd be cursing her in a month if I was fool enough to let you both have your way. Look at them shoes on the feet of her. I hid them away from her but she found 'em. If they cost a penny they cost a ten-dollar bill, and yet she knows no better than to wear them out here on them rough stones. Is that the wife for a man with nearly fifty dollars a week! Hoi! your sails and pull up your anchor, young man, and be off and forget her as fast as you can. She's not for the likes of you. Besides she's promised to a man who'll get her all the shoes she needs."

Mr. Douglas's face had been changing as she delivered her harangue, but he managed to stammer out:

"But she says it is not true!"

"But I say it is, and I'm a good friend to you. You get out of here with the morning tide! Nan ain't for the likes of you."

"Let me speak to your niece one moment!" he urged.

"Not a word," said Harriet, "and besides she's been deceiving you right along. She ain't no niece of mine at all."

With a cry Mr. Douglas threw up his hands and dashed off into the thickets, and Harriet, with the true instinct of a general, took possession of his boat, bade Hans lift me in—I was too dumb with anger and sorrow to resist—and thus we rowed home.

Without further parley Harriet ushered me into my little bedroom, lit my lamp, and remarking dryly that I should thank her for her night's work when I was "quit fooling," whisked out of the room and locked the door on me.

My window is pretty high up from the ground, but half an hour ago I heard a tapping on the shutter. I opened it; it was Hans. In sailor fashion he had clambered up the rough boards.

"I wanted to tell you," he whispered; "that I thought the missus was treatin' you powerful mean, and if there is any thing I kin do I'll do it. Blessed if I won't."

"Come back in an hour," I whispered; "I may have a letter for you."

"For the yacht?"

I nodded and he disappeared.

I sat down to write to Mr. Douglas, Clara, but I could not. I would in the first place have to ask him to break his word to his mother and to that other woman, and all for the sake of one who could not fall to be a burden to him. I would have to tell him that every word that Harriet had spoken was true, and I could not do it, Clara. I feel the force of Harriet's words. I should be a drag on him, and a hindrance to him—and it is better that I pass out of his life, and let him pursue the even course laid out for him before the unhappy hour when first we met.

Ah, Clara! It gives me some sad comfort to know that my love for him is strong enough to let me sacrifice my own happiness for his.

Good-bye, dear! I hear Hans outside. Be kind to me, Clara, and pity me that next week I must give my promise to that doubly hated Pryor D.

Your Broken-hearted Friend,

NANETTE VAN CORTLAND.

P. S.—Oh, Clara! What do you think? Hans tells me that Mr. Douglas has just been here for his boat, and that he, Hans, told him all he knew about me, and that Harriet had not been speaking the truth, and that I was crying, and here, Clara, right before my eyes I have a pencilled note from him. This is what it says: "Nan, I do not sail till five; I will wait here for a word with you all the night. Hans says he thinks he can bring you to me. I feel sure that you can explain every thing to me, and if you can, Nan, nothing shall part us."

"Douglas."

Clara, I shall go to him; and the future? Clara, the future must take care of itself. I love him—that is all.

FOURTH WEEK.

DEARER CLARA: I am too happy to write, but I owe it to you to let you know the end of that dreamy night last week.

Where do you suppose I am writing? Lolling on the roof of the cabin of

Douglas' yacht. We are in New Rochelle Harbor, and to-morrow is the day I have to render my decision to my lawyer. I shan't go to his office, though; he is coming here to my wedding, my wedding with Douglas, and while I am writing you Douglas' mother is sitting beside me. Interrupting me every now and again to tell me what a good, brave, noble fellow her son is. As if I had not found that out for myself ever so long ago.

Let me tell you: About ten o'clock that awful night I wrote you about, Harriet entered the room and gave me a long lecture on my iniquities, and upon the sin of flying in the face of Providence and making a poor drudge of myself, when I could have all the money in the world that I wanted just for saying so. I listened to her patiently. I said I not get Douglas' letter safely buttoned up in my frock, and at every heart beat couldn't I hear a faint crackle of the paper it was written on?

At last she got drowsy, and bidding me good-night went out, looking the door behind her and taking away the key. Soon after I heard her go to her room, and all was quiet.

I waited breathlessly, expecting Hans to come for me, but an hour went by; then Harriet went down-stairs and out into the cow-shed.

I remembered Douglas' wish bitterly. The cow was needing an all-night treatment, and I should never see him again. I laid my arms across the table by the window and cried bitterly, and in crying must have fallen asleep, for I knew no more till a hand was laid on my head.

I started up! It was Hans.

"It's four o'clock, you must hurry," he said; "she's been round all night with that cow!"

Without a word I obeyed his instructions. Hans crept softly over the sill, tied a piece of rope around my waist, directed me to crawl out of the window, and gently lowered me into the arms of a figure waiting below. Douglas.

Stealthily he hurried me down to the boat, but in a moment Hans was after us. "Where he you going?" he said, "you can't take her nowhere in that boat. I'm deaf and dumb, I am. Say all you've a mind to right here, and I'll put her back in her room without any one knowing she's been out of it."

Douglas paused.

"Nan," he said, "your coming to me tells me all I want to know. My mother is staying in New Rochelle; let me take you with me to her, and ere the sun sets again you shall be my wife."

I drew back.

"What she said was true," I said, slowly. "I am not her niece; I have been brought up in luxury; I do not know any thing about earning my living—but I am free. In a few days I would have had to decide whether I would marry a man I do not love for the sake of the wealth the marriage would bring me. Harriet wishes me to marry this man—but since I have seen you—I can not."

"You do love me, then?" he exclaimed, rapturously.

I smiled up in his face.

Hans had discreetly turned his back, and with a sigh of deep content Douglas took me in his arms, and for the first time, Clara, a lover's lips met mine! Oh! Clara! don't let any one persuade you to marry for money! Wait until you have found your happiness as I have done.

"Will you come with me?" he asked, after a minute.

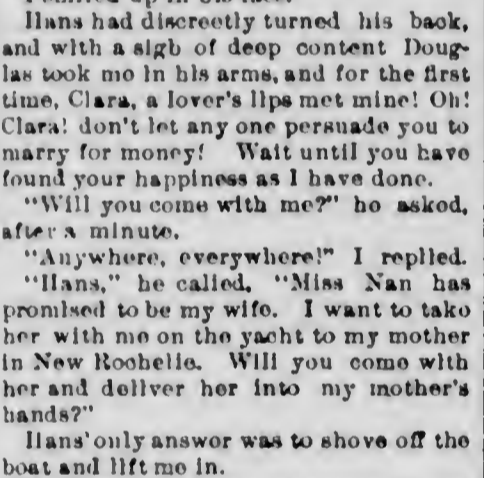
"Anywhere, everywhere!" I replied.

"Hans," he called, "Miss Nan has promised to be my wife. I want to take her with me on the yacht to my mother in New Rochelle. Will you come with her and deliver her into my mother's hands?"

Hans' only answer was to shove off the boat and lift me in.

In fifteen minutes we were at the yacht's side. Already there was a stir on board. It was ten minutes to five, and the two men who sailed her were anxious to be off.

The boat was hauled up, the anchor weighed, and in a few minutes the wind



"I AM TOO HAPPY TO WRITE."

was bellying out the sails and we were off.

Oh! those sweet first moments as she answered to her helm and with the glad bound of an impatient horse thrust her pretty nose in the waters and sent them bubbling and seething along her sides.

Suddenly there was a cry: "Look out there! Boat ahoy! Look out!" and to Douglas, who was at the wheel, a cry of "Put her hard down to port, sir!"

Right up alongside of us sped a cat-boat, and its occupant, with a dexterous lunge, fastened himself to us with his boat-hook.

It was William Sayer. The lumbering old oysterman had been made to hurry for once.

"Harriet knows you're gone," he gasped, the wind blowing his words back down his throat, "and she says you're to come right back along of me, Miss Van Cortland."

Douglas let go the wheel and left it to fate or Hans.

"Miss what?" he cried, springing to my side.

"Van Cortland!" I said, surprised.

"Is your name Van Cortland?"

"Yes."

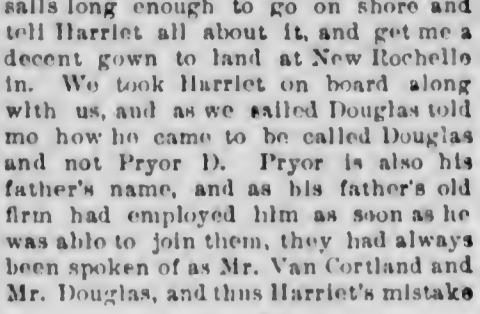
"Nanette Van Cortland?"

"Yes!"

In the face of everybody he took me in his arms.

"Nan, my darling Nan, is it possible? Why, Nan, I am your cousin, Pryor D."

Oh! Clara, how every thing changed! It was "farewell grief and welcome joy," ten thousand times therefore, as the old song has it. We hauled down the sails long enough to go on shore and tell Harriet all about it, and get me a decent gown to land at New Rochelle in. We took Harriet on board along with us, and as we sailed Douglas told me how he came to be called Douglas and not Pryor D. Pryor is also his father's name, and as his father's old firm had employed him as soon as he was able to join them, they had always been spoken of as Mr. Van Cortland and Mr. Douglas, and thus Harriet's mistake



had arisen, which he had never thought it worth while to rectify.

What a happy party we were as we sailed down the sound—and how overjoyed his mother was when he presented me to her, and she found that the desire of her heart was to be so happily gratified—are things that I will tell you when you come back; but I wish that every bride this year may feel as glad and proud as I shall to-morrow, when I put my hand in Douglas' and become Mrs. Pryor D. Van Cortland.

Ever Your Loving NAN.

[THE END.]

HIS NOSE ITCHED.

But He Did Not Enjoy the Way in Which It Was Scratched.

"One night," said Ben Holladay to a New York World man, "I was bouncing over the plains in one of my overland coaches."

"Mrs. Holladay and myself were the only passengers. Several stages had been robbed within two months and the driver was ripping along as though a gang of prairie wolves were after him. Suddenly the horses were thrown on their haunches and the stage stopped."

"I was heaved forward, but quickly recovered, and found myself gazing at the muzzles of a double-barreled shotgun."

"Throw up your hands and don't stir!" shouted the owner in a gruff voice. "Up went my hands, and I began to commune with myself. The fellow then coolly asked for my money. I saw that he did not know who I was, and I was afraid that my sick wife might awake and call my name."

"My coat was buttoned over my bosom, but scarcely high enough to hide a magnificent emerald that cost me over \$8,000 a few weeks before in San Francisco."

"I scarcely breathed through fear that light might strike the stone, and its sparkling brilliancy attract the attention of the robber. I had about \$40,000 in a money-belt and several hundred dollars in my pocket."

"Suddenly my friend shouted: 'Come, shell out—quick, or I'll send the old 'un a free lunch.'"

"I passed out the few hundreds loose in my pockets and handed him my gold watch and chain. They were heavy. I think the chain alone would weigh five pounds at least."

"There," said I—"there's every cent I've got! Take it and let me go on. My wife is very ill, and I don't know what would happen to her if she knew what was going on."

"Keep your hands up!" was the reply, while a second robber received my watch and money.

"Then a search was made for the express company's box, but the double-barreled shotgun did not move. Its muzzles were within a foot of my nose. For my life I did not dare to stir."

"My nose began to itch. The stiff hairs of my mustache got up, one after another, and tickled it until the sensation was intolerable. I could stand it no longer."

"Stranger," I cried, "I must scratch my nose! It itches so that I am almost crazy!"

"Move your hands," he shouted, "and I'll blow a hole through your head big enough for a jack rabbit to jump through!"

"I appealed once more.

"Well," he answered, "keep your hands still and I'll scratch it for you."

"Did he scratch it?" asked one of Ben's interested listeners.

"Sure!" said Mr. Holladay.

"How?" asked the breathless listener.

"With the muzzle of the cocked gun!" said the great overlander. "He rubbed the muzzle around my mustache and raked it over the end of my nose until I thanked him and said that it itched no longer."

The robbers soon afterwards took their leave, with many apologies, and Ben continued his journey to the Missouri, with the big emerald and \$40,000.

The smallest flowering plant in existence is *wolffia microscopica*, a native of India. It belongs to the duckweed family. It is almost microscopic in size, destitute of proper stem, leaves and roots, but having these organs merged in one, forming a frond. There are two species of the genus found growing wild in the Eastern United States. One of them, *wolffia columbiana*, is about the one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, and the other, *wolffia brasiliensis*, somewhat smaller in size.

POSTED.

Forbid knifefolks and their folk's folks, my folks and their folks, as well as colored folks, to trespass on my land, rabbits and squirrels on my farm without my permission, or they will be punished to the full extent of the law. I mean what I say. Jan 1

THOMAS C. HALL.

FOR SALE!

Lot on Main Street in Stanford

Containing 1 to 2 acres.

Terms easy. T. R. WALTON, Stanford.

For Sale!

Twenty Building Lots

In the corporate limits of Rowland.

H. J. DARST, Rowland.

MYERS HOUSE,

P. W. GREEN, Proprietor.

I have recently taken charge of this well-known hotel and intend keeping it at its present high standard. Special attention given to the traveling public.

First-Class Sample Room

In connection. Also

Pool and Billiard Parlors.

L. M. REID, Clerk.

Farmers Bank & Trust Co.

OF STANFORD, KY.

Is now fully organized and ready for business with

Paid up Capital of - - \$200,000.

Surplus, - - - - - 13,500.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK OF STANFORD.

(Now closing up) with the same assets and under the same management.

By provisions of its charter, depositors are as fully protected as are depositors in National Banks, its shareholders being held individually liable to the extent of the amount of their stock therein at the par value thereof, in addition to the amount invested in such shares. It may act

Some Suggestions as to County Roads.

(To the Editor Interior Journal.)

The enormous expenses of Lincoln county during the year 1890, as shown in the recently published list of the last court of Claims, have occasioned considerable comment among the farmers and property-holders of the county, upon whom rest the principal part of the burden of taxation; and, as I was one of the magistrates composing that court, which allowed these claims, I desire, through your valuable paper, to state just in what these expenses consist, and offer some practical suggestions that will in the future reduce in some measure the heavy indebtedness saddled every year upon the people of Lincoln county. I might also state that besides motives of public beneficence, I have been prompted to do this by the request of several prominent citizens, who have seen the efficacy of my resolution affecting doctors' claims, introduced at the last court of claims, and which is too well known to need a recapitulation here.

The indebtedness of Lincoln county for this year, ending in October, aggregates the astonishing sum of \$14,000, which is the heaviest debt that the county has sustained for years, and what is more alarming, these figures, judging from the growing indebtedness of the last three years, show a tendency to increase instead of decrease. The principal items which go to make up this prodigious debt are: expenses of keeping in repair the county roads, maintaining the poor-house and its diversified train of dependents, feeding and clothing the indigent outside of the poor-house, salary of the county officials, and doctors' claims, the last of which has been disposed of by my resolution adopted at the last sitting of the court of claims. And first of the county roads:

Every year there is expended on the dirt roads of Lincoln county something in the neighborhood of \$2,500. Under the present system of road-making this amount is absolutely thrown away. But some may say this is mere assertion without proof. Let's look, however, into the intricate mazes of the system. On a certain day the overseer "warns in" the "hauls," who to the number of from 10 to 40, come with their spades, shovels, mattocks, hoes, diggers, pocket-knives, pipes and tooth picks, eager to show their adaptability for work. The overseer, perhaps, brings his "wagon and team" and so do some of his kinsfolks, or neighbors who live nearest. These latter gentlemen seem to have the idea of monopoly; and while they are busy, creeping along to and from the sand beds and stone ledges, making about a half-dozen loads per day, yet getting their \$2.50, the other fellows, those horny handed spade pushers and hoe-lifters, who get not a penny, nothing but their country's thanks, strung out in little squads along the road, are laying in the shade, talking religion, politics and neighborhood gossip, or mayhap, "shooting craps," waiting, as they would say, for the teams to come with another "spread" of gravel and rock. Thus, between the two classes of laborers, the road, like the bat in the fable, assailed by Mr. Owl, in one place and by puss in another, soon comes to grief. In this manner the hauls, as a general thing, "put in their time;" the haulers, thinking only of their taxes paid thusly, and the other fellows striving each to kill the most minutes. After such work is done, what is there to show for it? Not a single bridge, not one hard pull the less; nothing save a few ditches, shallow as a hog trough and a few leafy branches thrown over the "bad places" to make them the more seductively dangerous. In fine, a non resident in passing over the roads two weeks afterwards could not tell in a majority of instances that they had ever been worked. Now if there is no benefit to be derived from the expenditure of \$2,500, better were it in the pockets of the honest tax-payers, to be devoted to missionary purposes, or to a national campaign fund. The roads need to be managed under a better devised system; that's the long and short of it.

I therefore suggest that the county court appoint a magistrate in each magisterial precinct, whose duty it shall be to go over the roads in his precinct, at least once a year, a few days before the meeting of the court of claims, and make a thorough inspection of all the work done on said roads, and obtain the names of the overseers thereof, so that when he comes before the court of claims he will be practically acquainted with the nature and extent of the work, which the county, through him, must pay for, and if the overseer in any case has failed to do his duty, let the magistrate report him to the grand-jury. Such surveillance would remind the overseer of the responsibility of his position, put him on his guard, and cause him to exact from his hands, both the haulers and spreaders, more concentrated and effectual work. I believe that half the money expended annually on the roads could thus be saved by this prudent and economical course, and \$1,250 is quite a sum to the tax payers. But he is not tearing his shirt so much because \$2,500 have been expended on the county roads. What he is recalcitrant about is that his money is gone and there is no visible improvement in the highways, over which he and his children pull and fret, bump and jostle on their way to

market, church and school. If he pays for a road it is no more than justice that he should have one; and half the amount which he pays would suffice to make a far better one than what he has been forced to accept in the past. If my views are not acted upon I hope that they will have the effect, at least, of arousing other thinking minds on the subject, for every public-spirited, patriotic citizen certainly feels an interest in a matter which concerns so much the convenience and prosperity of the whole people.

JOHN A. CHAFFELL.

Crib Orchard, Dec. 16.

Politics at the National Capital.

(To the Editor Interior Journal.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Mr. Harrison's little scheme of pushing the Force bill for his own personal benefit is at last slowly beginning to percolate through the brains of the other presidential candidates, and the result is a decided coolness towards the measure on the part of a number of leading republicans. It is believed that Mr. Harrison is figuring that the thousands of supervisors and deputy supervisors, who would be appointed under the bill, should it become a law, might be utilized to form the basis of a Harrison machine that might control enough of the State delegations to the next republican national convention to insure his nomination.

There is a very strong probability that the Force bill will be shelved for good this week. The administration and the republican senators of the House have heard from the people, and are in almost a panic in their anxiety to do something to satisfy the public demand for more money, and yet they are mortally afraid that when once a financial bill of any kind gets before the Senate a substitute providing for free coinage will be adopted. It was this fear which caused certain senators to attempt to get democratic senators to promise that if a bill was introduced authorizing the secretary of the treasury to purchase anywhere from twenty to thirty millions of dollars worth of silver bullion they would not offer free coinage as a substitute for it. It is needless to say that no democrats made any promise; it is the policy of the democratic senators to keep clear of all entanglements, in order to be prepared to take advantage of any circumstances that may occur to secure legislation in behalf of the people.

Mr. Harrison has, I am credibly informed, changed his mind to send a special message to Congress intimating what kind of a financial bill he would sign. He has so little influence in Congress that it matters little what he recommends.

No nomination for the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court has yet been sent to the Senate, and I am told by a republican senator that it is doubtful whether it will go in until the Force bill is disposed of, because Mr. Harrison has tendered the appointment to Senator Spooner, and he is afraid to have him leave the Senate before the vote is taken on the Force bill—the margin is too small to lose a vote.

The force, called an investigation of the pension office, has been resumed by the House committee. The committee shows a great deal more anxiety not to find crookedness than it does to find it. An attempt will be made to get the committee to look into the methods by which a son of Commissioner Ramm became attorney for a large number of applicants, whose claims had been practically pigeon-holed in the office before he took charge of them.

The bill reducing the fee for obtaining an increase in pension to \$2 has been favorably reported to the House. This is a hard blow to the pension sharks, but Secretary Noble is trying to strike them still harder by getting all the States to adopt the system now in vogue in Massachusetts, Minnesota and Wisconsin, of having the attorney general of the State look after all applications for pensions free of charge.

The re-appointment bill providing for a membership of 356 to the House of Representatives has been reported to the House, and the republicans having tacitly agreed that New York should have whatever additional representation it is entitled to, should there be a recount in New York City and Brooklyn, it is not thought that the democrats will oppose its passage.

Senator Vest has presented to the Senate a memorial from the National Bankruptcy Convention urging the immediate passage of the Torrey bankruptcy bill, which passed the House at the last session. A number of petitions against its passage have been received from the northwestern States.

The notorious ship subsidy bills which passed the Senate at the last session were too much for the republicans of the House committee on Merchant Marine and they have agreed upon a single bill as a substitute for both of them. The new bill combines many of the features of the other two, and is certain to pass the House, more's the pity.

Representative Crain, of Texas, has reported from the House committee on post-offices, a resolution calling on the postmaster general as to the extent and grounds for complaints of inefficient post-offices service in Texas and other States.

There isn't as much talk about Mr. Blaine's reciprocity schemes as there was a short time ago and a suspicion is arising that the administration isn't giving the secretary of state any earnest support in this matter.

The Terrible Experience of a Lancaster Man.

(To the Editor of the Interior Journal.)

LANCASTER, Dec. 17.—Seven miles north of here, near Dix River, there is a famous group of hills known as Birdett's knobs. Several days ago Mr. Louis Landram, a prominent young lawyer of this place, went with dog and gun into that region to shoot quail, and for a time he had excellent sport. About noon, however, a heavy shower came on, and he walked up a deep, rocky gorge with the hope of finding shelter. Seeing an opening in the cliff on his right, he entered it and was surprised to find himself in a large winding gallery with craggy and precipitous walls on either side and with a roof that rapidly ascended to a considerable height.

About 30 feet from the entrance was an object that arrested his attention. It was a gigantic piece of stone, oblong in general outline and weighing hundreds of tons, resting in an oblique position on a high, projecting ledge, with its huge crest upreared into a gloomy gap in the cavern's roof. As apparently more than half its weight was suspended over the passage, it looked as though a slight shock or the pressure of a finger might cause it to come crashing down. It was one of those death traps of nature, grim and sinister, sometimes seen in subterranean chambers or upon precipices.

It is well known that Mr. Landram is of an adventurous disposition; he is also a geologist of no mean repute. The excitement found in penetrating the unexplored, so fascinating to daring spirits, allured and emboldened him. With the belief that he should make some interesting discoveries here he advanced boldly into the cavern. As he did so his dog suddenly curled its tail between its legs and made a speedy exit. At the same moment Mr. Landram saw two fiery eyes glaring from a dark corner. Hurriedly raising his gun he took quick aim and discharged both barrels simultaneously. He never knew what the animal was or what became of it, for the infernal din that followed through the cavern was instantly followed by an awful crash, dense columns of dust and sudden darkness and he was thrown violently forward on his face and almost buried beneath masses of falling sand.

He scrambled up bleeding and gasping for breath; wild-eyed and appalled, he realized that the great boulder had plunged head-first into the passage. Its towering and colossal form, with great quantities of earth and fragments of stone, was wedged tightly in the corridor, constituting a mighty barrier that arose black and frightful between himself and liberty. He saw no way of escape. The gloom of midnight enveloped him. Moreover, a vast army of bats, disturbed by the detonation and shifting sand, began to swarm thickly along the passage, many of them alighting on his person. They were of remarkable size and fierceness and seemed disposed to attack him. He was forced to beat them off with a swift and vigorous movement of his arms. They swept forward in enormous flocks, as if to escape, and that quarter of the cavern was soon alive with them. Perplexed and only half aroused from hyemal torpor, thousands precipitated themselves against the rocks and fell upon the floor, where they flapped awkwardly about. They collected in seething heaps upon every rock and ledge; the air was thronged and noisy with swishing wings. They swarmed on Landram's back and shouldered like bees. They dashed against his face or clung screeching to his hair and beard. This multitude of busy wings stirred and whirled about in bellows the dry dust of centuries, it invaded and irritated the hunter's laboring lungs.

Threatened with suffocation he increased the activity of his movements. He became fierce, savage and each moment he hurled hundreds of the squeaking creatures upon the earth and trampled them under foot. His footing was no precarious for the cavern's rocky bottom had become slippery with blood and entrails of mangled bats. He was without resource or shelter, in the midst of a horrible tempest. That he should preserve his presence of mind under these conditions is wonderful, but that he did so is indicated by that which now transpired.

Shaking himself free of his tormentors for a moment, he doffed his thick linen coat and pouring over it the stimulant and combustible contents of a quart bottle that he carried in his hip pocket, he ignited it with a match and as it blazed fiercely up he began to whirl it, a circle of roaring flame and pungent smoke about his head. The effect was magical. The smoke and flame were intolerable and every bat that could use its wings began a precipitate flight to other quarters.

It was a chiropterous panic. In that spectral light Landram was for the moment transformed into something inhuman, demigogical. Issuing from the pockets of his burning coat and mingling with his unearthly outcries, could be heard the sounds of bursting shells. Rushing from side to side of the cavern, his hair tumbled over his forehead in tangled masses and his face distorted with rage, he whisked the blazing torch hither and thither, scorching great numbers and burning many alive, until the vast host of horrid creatures had been driven back into the recesses of the cave. Panting like a tired animal, his face streaming with sweat, he began to consider the possibilities of escape from his damnable captivity. If any avenue of

escape over the lofty summit of the boulder still existed, which was doubtful, it would have been madness to attempt to reach it in the reigning darkness, either by attempting to scale the barrier itself or by clambering up the steep and jagged walls of the cavern.

It remained to be seen then whether there was any vulnerable point about the opposing mass. By the light of a sickly blaze that played over a remnant of his burning vestment, he picked up his gun and thrust the barrels into the earth and sand at one side of the giant rock. The debris yielded little by little to his attack, and with the energy of a man entombed alive and desperate with the desire for liberty, he dug out quantities of earth and prized up fragments of stone.

Hope again kindled in his bosom and at the expiration of a period embracing about seven hours, during which the labors of a Titan were performed, he had succeeded in making an opening around the barrier large enough to admit his body and through this hole he squeezed himself. In his hand he held the battered and twisted barrels of a gun and just as the moon arose behind the timber on the opposite cliff he passed out haggard and grimy into the chilly night.

H. C. S.

WAYNESBURG.

—The Walnut Grove school, which was conducted by Miss Lela Gooch, closed last Saturday.

—G. W. Clift sold to L. G. Gooch 21 acres of land on the Stanford pike, in the suburbs of town, at \$15 per acre.

—C. C. Gooch has gone to Cincinnati and Louisville to buy and add to his already large stock of general merchandise.

—John Singleton, an old pioneer settler, died at his home near here Saturday night. He has been afflicted with a complication of diseases and the end was not unexpected.

—T. D. Gooch, an aged and respected citizen of this vicinity, fell from a loaded wagon Tuesday last and was run over by it, breaking his leg just above the ankle. Dr. O'Bannon was called and set the broken bones. The venerable sufferer is doing nicely.

—Elder A. J. Pike, who has been pastor of the Baptist church at this place for the past year, was unanimously called for the ensuing year by a business meeting of the church Sunday. The church has been prosperous under his pastoral care, his genial and social manner having won for him the admiration of all.

—J. B. Shafer, of Ohio, recently purchased a tract of unimproved land lying 2 miles north of here, on the Stanford pike, and this week moved machinery thereto for the purpose of sawing lumber. This one industry is being extensively pursued in our midst just now. Three mills are hustling the boys from early till late.

—The increased prosperity and growth of our town shows that our citizens are wide-awake and enterprising. J. C. Gooch is building a cottage on the west side of the railroad, just south of the public school building, and Frank Ellis, of the firm of Ellis & Jackson, another, a little further west. A new street will be opened in that addition soon.

—The Sabbath-school at this place, under the leadership of E. B. Caldwell, Jr., still manifests its usual interest. At the election of its officers for next year, which was held last Sunday, Mr. Caldwell was re-elected as its superintendent, L. G. Gooch was elected assistant and W. F. Camden secretary. The school also voted to have a Christmas tree on Christmas eve.

—That clever and big hearted man, John Johnson, who has been serving Lincoln county as deputy sheriff, is a conspicuous figure on our streets, on our magisterial court days. John has made an excellent officer, one too, that every one likes and the people regret that they will be served by him no longer than January 1. Every one will join in wishing him success in whatever avocation he may follow.

—Samuel Gooch has sold his cottage on Church street to L. G. Gooch, and will shortly move to Somerset, where he will run a boarding-house. Sam will evidently make an estimable host and we bespeak for him a cordial welcome by the people of his adopted home. Your scribe has had many pleasant chats with him about the "nat ves" of the famous Skaggs's Creek section of Rockcastle and his reasonable comments have often brought forth good loud laughter.

—Prof. W. R. Cress closed his excellent school at this place on the 12th inst. It is said by many of the patrons of the district that the school was the most successful and profitable ever taught in the district. There were 100 pupils enrolled and the general average was about 60. The patrons have urged strongly upon Mr. Cress to continue here this winter, and he was offered a good salary by them, but refused to accept on account of G. U. Fry's desire to teach at this place, in order, we suppose, to vindicate himself of charges made by some of the patrons.

—John K. Boring, who was recently murdered in Magnolia, Ark., was a brother of Rev. A. Boring, presiding elder of the M. E. Church, North, of the Maysville district, and of Judge Boring, of London. The supposition is that he was murdered for a sum of money he was thought to have received. He was struck in the head as he left his store at night.—Paris Kentuckian.

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ROBT. FENZEL.

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JUNCTION CITY, KY.

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SUPPLIES and invites the people of his section to call and examine his immense stock of

New and Novel Christmas Trix.

Every conceivable thing in the Toy line can be found at his store. Dolls of all sizes and at any prices are also there by the hundreds, while his line of Christmas Presents for the older class is not surpassed outside of the cities. Be sure to see his Electric Engine and the many other things of interest found in his large and well selected stock. All of the substantial, such as are kept in a First-Class General Merchandise Store, can be obtained at the very smallest margin, and those desiring to supply themselves with such should go directly to his store, which is headquarters.

He desires to thank the public generally for their patronage during the year just closing and hopes by fair dealing to all and the very lowest living prices to merit a continuance.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Miss Croxton's dancing school closed last Friday night, after giving 20 lessons in that art. The hop club will give a hop at the Opera House during the holidays.

—Mr. George Hocker, assessor, has just completed taking a list of the taxable property of Boyle county, which foots up \$7,000,000, \$500,000 more than last year.

—Thomas F. Durhan and mother have rented one of the new cottages on Main street, opposite Dr. Johnston's sanitarium and have gone to housekeeping. H. B. Farris, who recently moved here from Crab Orchard, has accepted a position as clerk at the Gilcher House.

—Rev. Samuel McKee, son of Rev. J. L. McKee, of this place, will be married to-day, 16th, to Miss Jessie C. Wilson, of La Crosse, Wis. His brother, Lapsley McKee, will officiate. They go to Ft. Dodge, Iowa, to live, where Mr. McKee has charge of a flourishing Presbyterian church.

—Although it has been several months since the freight depot at this place was burned, the company has never rebuilt. It causes much worry, both to the company and our merchants, as the goods are delivered out of the cars they are shipped in, which causes delay often.

—The Robert L. Moore place, 3 miles west of Danville on the Lebanon pike, was sold last Monday, county court day, before the court-house door. Humphrey Hudson, of Garrard, was the purchaser, paying for it \$82.95 per acre. Mr. Hudson sold this place on which he has been living near Bryantsville, to John Woods for \$50 per acre; the place contains 141 acres. They will each take possession Jan. 1, '91.

—There probably is not an older negro woman in the country than one who lives in this county. When a slave she belonged to the Jackson family, of this county, and since her freedom she has continued to live with them. She is now living at R. Q. Davis' and is still able to do some work. Through the winter season she knits, quilts, &c., and in the summer attends to raising chickens. She nursed all the Jackson family, and some of them are pretty old themselves. Mr. R. Q. Davis is 82 years old. Her age is 102 years.

Colored Department.

James Green, a colored man of 21, died at Boneville yesterday.

A literary entertainment will be given at the Baptist church on the night of the 20th for the benefit of the church. Admission 10 cents. A festival will also be given. Mrs. W. H. Whitley and M. Olmstead are the managers.

—Chief Powderly and a number of prominent alliance leaders are opposed to the call for a third party convention, to be called at Cincinnati Feb. 23.

HUBBLE.

—Dr. Carpenter has diagnosed Joseph Swopce's case of throat trouble and he is out again.—J. W. Bright delivered his hogs to Prewitt Friday, 35, weighing 255 for 4, sold sometime ago. Joseph Huffman sold his hogs to Prewitt for 34 and E. A. White sold his at same price to him.—Mrs. Ben Owsley has been suffering from inflammation of the throat, but is better.—The colored folks are going to have a supper and a Christmas tree at their church here Christmas eve.—Mr. Frank Holzelaw is visiting his grandmother, Catherine Blackberry.—Joseph Engleman sold Boxen Givens' crop of corn here to Joseph Griffin for \$2 at the heap.—M. E. Herring, our worthy citizen and friend, has moved to the van de Water farm, near Stanford. A. C. Carman is attending the Liberty court in the interest of his father's estate.—Jan. Robinson sold 3 interest in his large cattle to Thomas Wood for 34 cts.—Squire Engleman's court was held Saturday and in the case of G. P. Bright against Wesley Glesley, Bright got judgment for \$155.—Howard Rice was here last week in the interest of the Blue-Grass Hodge Co. He is a hustler and took lots of orders on his trip into this country.—J. F. Rigney is improving now.—Most all the corn is sold that is for sale in this community. A few lots can yet be bought at \$2 and \$2.25.—Our INTERIOR JOURNAL don't reach us till Wednesday and Saturday mornings by way of Lancaster. Try them by Danville.—J. C. Enlanka sold two acres at Danville Monday for \$450. G. A. Schweibroun says if hogs remain low he is going to put his in the Christmas tree for his neighbors.—Mrs. John Ball is visiting her father at Maywood.—Invitations are now being sent out to the members of the con. con. to visit Hubble and we fully expect them here next week, as they have never refused a single call to any point yet.—Henry Cox has moved to the farm he recently bought. John Wood has purchased Humphrey Hudson's farm near Bryantsville.

—The meeting at Cynthia, conducted by Revs. Evans and Hopper, had resulted in 8 additions to last reports.

—The case of Mr. A. P. Ricketts against the L. & N. railroad company for \$20,000 damages, for loss of an arm, resulted Monday in a verdict of \$7,500 for Mr. Ricketts.—Lebanon Standard.

—The Middleboro News says that a company of gentlemen from New England has purchased the Opera House block, the White Block and the building now occupied by the Coal and Iron Bank for \$75,000.

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